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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

THE SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES OF

DRYDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY:
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

PREFACE to Absalom and Achitophel 5
A Key to ditto 9
Absalom and Achitophel, a Poem in two Parts,
Part I. 1681. 13
Part II. 1682. 44
Epistle to the Whigs; a prefatory Discourse to the Medal 79
The Medal. A Satire against Sedition, 1681 87
Mac-Flecnoe, 1682 98
Preface to the Hind and Panther 106
The Hind and Panther, a Poem in three Parts, 1687,
Part I. 112
Part II. 130
Part III. 152

52153B

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A Poem.

IN TWO PARTS.

TO THE READER.

It is not my intention to make an apology for my Poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other: for wit and fools are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the Fanatic church, as well as in the Popish, and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet, if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world: for there is a sweetness in good verse which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph

of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms; if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended as freely as I have taxed their crimes.

And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you Commonwealths-men for professing so plausibly for the government! You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing, though it is hard for an author to judge against himself; but more probably, it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom[1], as either too

[1] The Duke of Monmouth.

favourably or too hardly drawn: but they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault, on the other hand, is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David[2] himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder, that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel[3], than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out, but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Absalom to David; and who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story; there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter, there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope, with Origen, that the devil himself may at last be saved: for which reason, in

2 Charles the Second. 3 Earl of Shaftesbury.

this Poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful, and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction; and he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all: if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

A KEY

TO

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin	The name given, through this Poem, to a Lord Chancellor in general.
Absalom	Duke of Monmouth, natural son of King Charles II.
Achitophel	Anthony-Ashly Cowper, first Earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel	John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel	Mr Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
Amri	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Chancellor.

Annabel	Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, the daughter and sole heir of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh.
Arod	Sir William Waller.
Asaph	A character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the Second Part of this Poem.
Balaam	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balak	Barnet.
Barzillai	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba	Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan . . .	Rev. Samuel Johnson.
Bezaliel	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb	Ford, Lord Grey of Werk.
Corah	Dr. Titus Oates.
David	King Charles II.
Doeg	Elkanah Settle, the City poet.
Egypt	France.
Eliab	Sir Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
Ethnic-plot	The Popish-plot.
Gath	The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided.
Hebron	Scotland.
Hebrew Priests . .	The Church of England Clergy.
Helon	Earl of Feversham, a Frenchman by birth, and nephew to Marshal Turenne.
Hushai	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
Jebusites	Papists.

Jerusalem	London.
Jews	English.
Jonas	Sir Wm. Jones, a great Lawyer.
Jordan	Dover.
Jotham	Saville, Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran	Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth	Richard Cromwell.
Israel	England.
Issachar	Thomas Thynne, Esq. who was shot in his coach.
Judas	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
Ishban	Sir Robert Clayton, Alderman, and one of the City Members.
Mephibosheth	Pordage.
Michal	Catharine, Queen of Charles II.
Nadab	Lord Howard of Escriek.
Og	Shadwell.
Othniel	Henry D. of Grafton, natural Son of King Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland.
Phaleg	Forbes.
Pharaoh	King of France.
Rabsheka	Sir Thomas Player, one of the City Members.
Sagan of Jerusalem	Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, youngest Son to the Earl of Northampton.
Sanhedrim	Parliament.
Saul	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei	Slingsby Bethel, Sheriff of London in 1680.
Sheva	Sir Roger L'Estrange.
Sion	England.

Solymean Rout . . London Rebels.
Tyre . . . . . Holland.
Uzza . . . . . Jack Hall.
Zadoc . . . . . Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Zaken . . . . . A Member of the House of Commons.
Zimri . . . . . Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah . . . . . Sir John Moore, Lord Mayor in 1682.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART I.

——Si propius stes,
Te capiet magis—— HOR.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd,
When Nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before:
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust,

Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway;
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd;
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,
Were construed youth, that purg'd by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd:
But life can never be sincerely blest,
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried the' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please;
(Gods they had tried of every shape and size
That god-smiths could produce, or priests devise:)
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,

They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And, with a general shout, proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
Their humour more than loyalty express'd;
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol-monarch which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.
But these were random bolts; no form'd design,
Nor interest, made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward, with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight;
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means,
And providently pimps for ill desires;
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
The' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——

But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish Rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
To' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried,
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude,
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise;
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
The' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd,
Where gods were recommended by their taste.

Such savoury deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one, in former days, was odds.
So fraud was us'd, (the sacrificer's trade)
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews;
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go;
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions, from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise:
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence:
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curs'd;

For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like Anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name:
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will?
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?

Yet fame deserv'd, no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the Crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes,
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Or arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel:
For govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.

Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom:
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
(For politicians neither love nor hate)
But, for he knew his title not allow'd
Would keep him still depending on the crowd;
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts, with studied arts, to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these;
"Auspicious Prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar, and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the Promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift, unbespoken pomps, thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name:
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve, and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree:
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;

Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun the' example of declining age;
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now as when, on Jordan's sand,
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
But, like the prince of angels, from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light;
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn,
(Our only blessing since his curs'd return)
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
Foment the war, but not support the King:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms to' assist the Jebusite;

Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
And, with such odious aid, make David weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, Commonwealth, and Liberty;
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Giv'n by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When Flattery soothes, and when Ambition blinds;
Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In GOD 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
The' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angels' metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise:
Half loth and half consenting to the ill,
(For royal blood within him struggled still)
He thus replied:—"And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right,
The Faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws,
And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.

Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne, in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant who, by lawless might,
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands;
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them, were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire:
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that (but here he paus'd; then, sighing, said)
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,

Of every royal virtue stands possest,
Still dear to all the bravest and the best:
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
His loyalty the King, the world his fame:
His mercy e'en the' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth,
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin."

Him staggering so when Hell's dire agent found,
While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:

"The' eternal GOD, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain;
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign;
Against your will, your arguments have shown
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I condemn,
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave,
And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to have;
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim;
But when should people strive their bonds to break
If not when kings are negligent or weak?

Let him give on, till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And every shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears,
Call Jebusites and Pharaoh's pensioners,
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state,
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold,
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
To pass your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a million grieve.
The Jews well know their power; ere Saul they chose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en Heaven submitted, answers all.

Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by the' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him King?
It surely show'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son?
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear;
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps the' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And like a lion slumbering in the way,
Or sleep dissembling while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till, at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground,
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford;
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,

Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time,
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives;
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the King's defence,
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control:
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not; but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the Crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause;
They who possess the prince possess the laws."
He said; and this advice, above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty nor puff'd with pride.
How happy had he been if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high?
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own:
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love;
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.

To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for interest sought to' embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne,
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good:
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all the' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David but the King;
The Solymean Rout, well vers'd, of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic-plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these, who pull'd before
From the' ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old belov'd Theocracy;
Where Sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:

For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little, and who talk too much:
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, e'en in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools; but a whole hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both (to show his judgment) in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man, with him, was god or devil.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of lords below the dignity of verse:
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best;
Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
And, therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free;
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
Let friendship's holy band some names assure,
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's Anointed dar'd to curse,
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king;
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain;
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus, heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;

The City, to reward his pious hate,
Against his master chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold:
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the Monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews,
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws:
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour)
His business was, by writing, to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade;
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a City-feast abhorr'd:
His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot,
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.

With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot:
Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud;
Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud;
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church-vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat,
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book,
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flight appear,
The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where,

And gave him his Rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university:
His judgment yet his memory did excel,
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well;
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made;
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his Prince despise,
And load his person with indignities:
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words;
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
(The best that could be had, for love or coin)
In Corah's own predicament will fall,
For Witness is a common name to all.
Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the Court,
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
The' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes,
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.

Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts:
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.
"I mourn, my Countrymen, your lost estate,
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet, oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made,
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame,
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away;
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his eyes)
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use;
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain."
Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common interest always will prevail:

And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless;
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian-god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts; distinguish friends from foes;
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good King David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant-show a plot is made,
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?

What shall we think? can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made; or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre, could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand;
Add, that the power for property allow'd,
Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true;
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Not only crowds, but Sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images;

But government itself at length must fall
To Nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords, the people, kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state,
But Innovation is the blow of Fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it, is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days:
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
In this short file Barzillai first appears,
Barzillai! crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood;
Unfortunately brave, to buoy the state,
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd,
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art,
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,

Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heaven will have it) always mourn'd,
And always honour'd; snatch'd in manhood's prime
By' unequal fates, and Providence's crime;
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son;
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh, narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd, the fainting Tyrians prop'd,
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd.
Oh, ancient honour! oh, unconquer'd hand!
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole;
From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring,
To aid the guardian-angel of thy king.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight,
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse;

Now take thy steepy flight from Heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another, he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou can'st see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace;
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets' sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred;
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
Who best could plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a muse; in Sanhedrims' debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn:
Jotham, of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by Nature, and by Learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse awhile, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress,
In public storms of manly stedfastness;
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth:

His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own;
'Tis easy conduct when Exchequers flow,
But hard the task to manage well, the low;
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel; who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great.
The Sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like the' unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
While he, withdrawn, at their mad labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toils.
These were the chief; a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt the' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the Court remov'd,
The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the King the danger of the wound;

That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The' event of things; at last, his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by Heaven inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive the' offending age,
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
The' offenders question my forgiving right.
That one was made for many they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nations weight;
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!

With how few tears a pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endued with so much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me to' approve their choice;
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray,
Which to secure they take my power away:
From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners.
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much, as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey;

Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For gods and godlike kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh, curs'd effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let Law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,
And such for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before:
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt the' event; for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon 'em with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground."

He said: the' Almighty nodding gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran;
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

PART II[1].

——Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget.

Since men like beasts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade;
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heaven itself, and godlike kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign,

1 In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the Poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of King Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second Part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part, beginning

'Next these a troop of busy spirits press,'

and ending

'To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee—'

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places. The preceding lines, upwards of 300 in number, were wrote by Mr. Tate. The Poem is here printed entire: and Dryden's portion of it is enclosed in brackets.

While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone:
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.
For now their Sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;
His rights to' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!
  Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need;
While fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid, while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our Promis'd Land;
Whose only grievance is excess of ease,
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed!

Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain,
But soon they launch'd into the' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew, disdain'd to ride:
For probable discoveries to dispense
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curs'd designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian-angel's care.
Not summer-morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high;
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits Heaven sometimes to bless the world below;
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The pieties of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign.
  Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew;
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire:
With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
Than since our Evidencing days began!

On every cheek a pale confusion state,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more; art, science, useless made;
All occupations lost, but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
E'en vice in him was virtue—what sad fate,
But for his honesty, had seiz'd our state?
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first?
To'have told his knowledge of the' intrigue in gross
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had the experience got
To husband well, and make the best of's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Nor quite of future power himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out;
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more, for interest's sake, believe and swear:
E'en to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided sense;
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence;
But for the good old cause, that did excite
The' original rebels' wiles, revenge and spite.

These raise the plot. to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.
  Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd;
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held:
E'en Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid designs no less pernicious us'd;
And filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts exprest:
  " Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which, once obtain'd, can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew entire.
My regal power how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent?
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard!
The task to me to prove unjust, how hard!
And if the' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it, when the tragic scene is wrought?
Dire War must first be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;
And when the civil Furies are on wing,
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the King?

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, press'd by clamorous crowds, myself be made
His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt;
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels he found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old."

He said. The statesman, with a smile, replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise;
"My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend?
Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe, by pressing on.
The Crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes,
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is the' effect of stinted pow'r,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour;
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger's greater from the King.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!

Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire,
Against his orders your return from Tyre?
Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity, [thee?
The factious tribes"—" And this reproof from
(The prince replies) O statesman's winding skill,
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!"
" Illustrious youth, (return'd Achitophel)
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
The course you steer, I worthy blame conclude;
But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death, that miss the prize.
Did you for this expose yourself to show,
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train,
With Fame before you, like the morning-star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar?
Oh, from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!
E'en when at helm a course so dangerous mov'd,
To land your hopes, as my removal prov'd."
" I not dispute (the royal youth replies)
The known perfection of your policies;
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim,

Who private interest never yet pursued,
But still pretended 'twas for other's good:
What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
Who, saving his own neck, not sav'd the state?
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
What form of sway did David e'er pursue,
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
Who, at your instance, quash'd each penal law,
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
And who suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate;
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
E'en property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept, till your own banks secur'd.
Recount, with this, the triple covenant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsels' fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror
E'en yet of such a season can we dream, [made.
When royal rights you made your darling theme;
For power unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust;
Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you."

To this Hell's agent—"Royal Youth, fix here,
Let interest be the star by which you steer.

Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose interest most in your advancement lies;
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion fail.
On our's the safety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self—without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence:
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king;
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarms,
Shall rise, without their prince, to' oppose his arms;
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops, once up, are tools for our design:
At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade:
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the King's defence;
E'en on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law;
By which a conquest if we fail to make, [stake."
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our

He said; and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends;
Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursued by' a meagre troop of bankrupt-heirs.
Blest times! when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban, of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer ever made:
Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the City he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way;
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And e'en turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal, he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews;
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the Town,
"Double our guards, (he cries) we are undone;"
Protesting, that he dares not sleep in's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

[Next these a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause;
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's Promis'd Land have you?
Here Phaleg, the Lay-Hebronite, is come,
'Cause, like the rest, he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer e'en of Hebronitish grain;
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects' alter'd property;
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,

Till bastinado'd, back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastis'd, he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Absalom;
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let Hell, produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben Jochanan.
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree;
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his master;
Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool;
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook:
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains
To let his masters see he earn'd his gains;
But as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
He chose the' apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew:
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,
And shew 'em factious from their first beginning;

To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock;
A strong authority, which must convince
That saints own no allegiance to their prince;
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that show'd his father's nakedness?
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
Which proves Rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
Methinks the' apostate was the better man;
And thy hot father, waving my respect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a sect:
And such he needs must be, of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking asses' milk, and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
  Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And show Rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below e'en David's Psalms translated.
Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
As lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son:
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the p—x;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
To fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who, by my Muse, to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody,
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But faggotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well:
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature;
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are—to eat and drink:
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry 'Whore' to his own mother,
And call young Absalom King David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant:
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed b——y,
Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog, that never heard the statute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him;
Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
For to write verse with him is to transprose:

'Twere pity, treason at his door to lay,
Who makes Heaven's gate a lock to its own key.
Let him rail on: let his invective muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great, he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk, there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curs'd him:
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heav'n made him poor, with reverence speaking
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;

Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
A strong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink."
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.
Why should thy metre good King David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou, whom the penny-pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull:
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense, is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king exprest,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou, in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of King David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.]
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;

The wise and rich, for purse and counsel brought;
The fools and beggars, for their number sought;
Who yet not only on the Town depends,
For ev'n in Court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possest too small,
And, in their hearts, wish'd Court and King to fall;
Whose names the Muse disdaining, holds i' the' dark,
Thrust in the villain-herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit,
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit;
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
The' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing, to' employ the glass;
And who believe, in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot;
The labours of this midnight-magistrate
May vie with Corah's, to preserve the state:
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On War's most powerful, dangerous weapon, gold;
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd;
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber-idols only fed the flame:

For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to' inquire
What 'twas he burnt, so't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing-tribes were met,
E'en for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatening far and wide;
As when a battering storm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flowers new-opening, these
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
E'en so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy Lion's roar?
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore;
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest,
Thy prince from Sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the Crown's prerogatives must buy;
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;

Whom now the reigning malice of his foes
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd, depose:
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By Sanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast?
Who knows not how to' oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet the' extremest virtue did require,
E'en of that prince whose downfal they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise
To' appease their rage: undaunted he complies.
Thus he who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And, like an exile, quits the Promis'd Land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains,
Who now embracing on the' extremest shore
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before;
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas, than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd,
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear——

Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next, the popular rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for the' other's danger griev'd
The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
Safe on thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a nereid by the waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.
E'en in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the best respects commend
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend;
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him;
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern, and to reward desert;
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd;
Whose steady soul ne'er learn'd to separate
Between his monarch's interest and the state,
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign;
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright, which not themselves believe.
Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove,
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience, but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how, therefore, shall they yield
An idol full possession of the field?
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous Sanhedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid;
Not so has Pharaoh learn'd ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At such profound expense he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood;

Would ne'er through wrong and right is progress take,
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own;
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land.
Which our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,
That ev'n an host his pensioners would make;
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
These with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property:
To ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field;
When sons' curs'd steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the Promis'd Land,

Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes unknowing we renew,
And madly, e'en those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils;
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim, in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge (such did their frenzy prove,)
The only suit their prince forbids to move;
Which till obtain'd, they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all the' indulgence of a lawful king;
Expecting still the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels:
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
The' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke:
"Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time;
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sovereign right, Heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support e'en subjects' interest calls;
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by pow'r;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heaven itself in vain has tried with grace!
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes?

When shall we see expir'd deceivers' sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say?
Dissembled patriots brib'd with Egypt's gold,
E'en Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Those patriots' falsehood in their actions see,
And judge, by the pernicious fruit, the tree;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led,
To' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
But first, ere yet they prop'd the sinking state,
To' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate,
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest!
O! whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive.
When their injustice we are press'd to share;
The monarch urg'd to' exclude the lawful heir?
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for the' oppression which they fear make way;
Succession fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which, once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war;
Waste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin,
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatic against their will.

The same rough means that 'swage the crowd, appease
Our senates, raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbias'd measures let them draw
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon Religion's score,
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed;
Impartial Justice from our throne shall show'r,
All shall have right, and we our sovereign pow'r."

He said: the' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ.
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd,
Till his approach, like some arriving god,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode,
The deluge check'd, that to Judea spread,
And stop'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives:
The field confess'd his power in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit to' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
The crowds' applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest,
A virtue proper to the brave and best;
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the Crown, and loyal by descent,

Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was denied,
Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high;
Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that sought his absence to betray,
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
Him still the' officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.
While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
His triumphs, so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And, as when joyful hunters' clamorous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane, and tears the ground,
His eyes enflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chaser's way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray:
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confest.
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide;

Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd?
In deep-revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To balk his charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dextrous wit had oft been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now, with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stands possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him, therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots to' engage in some bold crime
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus to' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate,
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made?
Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why shouldst thou, from every grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?

For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy brow;
Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh, should our crimes again that curse draw down,
And rebel arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone.
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate, in impious arms?
A prince so form'd with Earth's and Heaven's applause,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause?
Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering, would not for himself prevail;
The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth with sceptres in his sight,
(So have their cruel politics decreed)
Must by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they choose to' obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the King.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes;
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the shatter'd youth must see.

But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel,
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too, must gild:
But oh, how weakly does Sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous Chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain,
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth, broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
E'en so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all justling in the street,
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel, without treat or treason paid.
  Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, labouring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal;
View Heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
  First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestals our praise, and gives his poet fame;
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land,

Which, for its generous natives, yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel, with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought,
On whom so largely Nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care, that service to conceal;
Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
And to the needy always more than just;
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth, from heights of honour
Sees all his glories copied in his son, [won,
Whose forward fame should every Muse engage,
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others' age;
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind;
Whose loyalty, before its date, was prime,
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster Faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophets' school was plac'd,
Abdael, with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero who, while stars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his: what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd? and in this rank of fame
Brave Abdael, with the first, a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy Chief! proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed;
While the' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain,
To register the glories thou shalt gain;

For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake,
Or seas retir'd, their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose;
Or, swell'd above the cliffs, their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.

Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the Royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service, and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling Nature drest;
And blest again, to see his flower allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride?
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth;
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah, prince! the' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue, guard thy worth,
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

E'en envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride
He all the' allurements of his court defied;
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway:
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdins' high place;
Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all the' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him:
No Rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense
So just, and with such charms of eloquence;
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's Lion for the crown;
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive,
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
To' enflame the crowd, while he, with watchful eye,
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.

Ouce more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel;
Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets' dream,
And when our Sion-virgins sing their theme,

Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

How fierce his satire, loos'd! restrain'd, how [tame!
How tender of the' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures stil'd,
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise, as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All Paradise without one barren field;
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
What just rewards the grateful Crown bestow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph, and the fame, shall last.

Still Hebron's honour'd, happy soil, retains
Our Royal hero's beauteous dear remains,
Who now sails off, with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back;
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see,
Without a bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant died.
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Zion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were the elements, Night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet Fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
Then Death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars' disgrace!
Oh! had the' indulgent powers vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field,
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering, thus expir'd;
But Destiny is now their only foe,
And dying, e'en o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force could scarce the Fates defraud;
Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!—
Say, Royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your sufferings past so nearly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief, your breast?
Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but toss'd in storms;
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle-grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love;
But far remov'd, in thundering camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground;
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst:
Long must his patience strive with Fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage:
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:

Such toil of fate must build a man of fame,
And such, to Israel's crown, the godlike David came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste?
The Spring, so far behind her course delay'd,
On the' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element serene,
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms,
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide:
High on her deck the Royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon e'er they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings, rest.

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all Sedition's syrtes stem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei, to assist the chair:
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd,
That Faction at the next election fail'd;
When e'en the common cry did Justice sound,
And Merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

THE MEDAL.

A Satire against Sedition.

1681.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this Poem with so much justice as to you? It is the representation of your own hero; it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little[1]. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the *anno domini* of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party, especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polander[2], who would be glad to worship the

[1] On the Jury's refusing to find a bill against Lord Shaftesbury for high-treason, in Nov. 1681, a medal was struck to commemorate the event, which gave occasion to Dryden's satire. A "picture in little," means a miniature. See Shakspeare's Hamlet.

[2] Shaftesbury was said to entertain hopes that he should be elected King of Poland.

image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had: yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B.[3] yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us, in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot[4], that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty. I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect

[3] George Bower, a medallic engraver.

[4] A tract in three parts, printed in 1682.

those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, What right has any man among you, or any association of men, (to come nearer to you) who out of parliament cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your zeal for the public welfare to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not, at this rate, incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition or his practice, or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government, and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and, if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which, in effect, is every thing that is done by the King and

council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when it is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your "No-protestant Plot" is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called "The Growth of Popery[5]; as manifestly as Milton's "Defence of the English People" is from Buchanan, "*De Jure Regni apud Scotos;*" or your first Covenant, and New Association, from the Holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a huguenot, murdered Francis Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza; or that it was a huguenot minister, otherwise called a presbyterian (for our church abhors so devilish a tenet), who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion. But I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental; and

[5] Written by Andrew Marvel, and published in 1678.

which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that, in some cases, you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the "No-protestant Plot," and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the Papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, but, in times of war, when they are hard-pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the council of Trent; so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose: for indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword. 'Tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth[6]: but there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other; one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was

6 In 1584. See Camden's History of Elizabeth.

contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury. But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting; that, when you think of answering this Poem, you would employ the same pens against it who have combated, with so much success, against "Absalom and Achitophel;" for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock, and welcome; let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already: but, above all the rest, commend me to the non-conformist parson who writ the "Whip and Key." I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying *help*, at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew deri-

vations may not lie for waste-paper in the shop. Yet, I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel[7] signify the 'Brother of a Fool,' the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin; and, perhaps, it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity: for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English, will make as good a Protestant-rhymer, as a dissenter from the church of England a Protestant-parson: besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of "Profane and Saucy Jack," and "Atheistic Scribbler," with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him? by which well-mannered and charitable expressions, I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter,

7 The anonymous author of two scurrilous poems, called "A Whip," and "A Key," thus expounded the derivation of Achitophel: *Achi*, my brother; and *tophel*, a fool.

and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind: now, if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short on't is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

A Satire against Sedition.

Per Graium populos, mediæque per Elidis urbem,
Ibat ovans, Divumque sibi poscebat honorem.

VIRG.

Of all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal [1] bears the prize alone,
A monster, more the favourite of the Town
Than either fairs or theatres have shown.
Never did Art so well with Nature strive,
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive;
So like the man, so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light:
One side is fill'd with title and with face;
And, lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse a Tower the town surveys,
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in Polish, is *Rejoice.*
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd,
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat, for every cast and look,
Four more than God to finish Adam took:

1 Mr. Malone describes this medal as bearing on one side the head of Shaftesbury; on the reverse, a view of the city of London with a rising sun; and in the exergue the word *Lætamur*, with the date 24 Nov. 1681. Mr. Scott, in his edition of Dryden's Works, has inserted an engraved representation of the Medal.

But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the style that copied every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch-face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill!
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war;
A beardless chief, a rebel ere a man,
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!)
A vermin, wriggling in the' usurper's ear;
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise:
There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
The' ungodly principle was all the same,
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack:
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay,
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way:
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim; but thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.

Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd,
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust,
His counsels oft convenient, seldom just.
E'en in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years,
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears:
At best, as little honest as he could,
And, like white witches, mischievously good.
To his first bias, longingly, he leans,
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold,
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold;
From hence those tears, that Ilium of our woe,
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their nature, to invade;
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Samson to his foe his force confest,
And, to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast;
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious way,
Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts his sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale,
And shows the fiend confess'd, without a veil,
He preaches to the crowd that power is lent,
But not convey'd, to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding force;
That coronation-oaths are things of course:

Maintains the multitude can never err,
And sets the people in the Papal chair.
The reason's obvious,—Interest never lies;
The most have still their interest in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.
Almighty Crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute,
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute;
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way!
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise, whatever way they went;
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run,
To kill the father, and recal the son.
Some think the fools were most, as times went then,
But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
The common cry is e'en Religion's test;
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India, Popery at Rome;
And our own worship only true at home:
And true, but for the time; 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are god-almighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare;
And that a lawful power might never cease,
Secur'd succession, to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway, at last,
In equal balances were justly cast;

But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse,
Instructs the beast to know his native force,
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God tried us once; our rebel-fathers fought;
He glutted 'em with all the power they sought;
Till, master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails:
Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundless in his will!
That kings can do no wrong, we must believe:
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help, Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws, which they dispense;
No justice to their righteous cause allow'd,
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd;
And Medals grav'd, their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.
  The man [2] who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,
Might laugh again, to see a jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witnesses that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them were med'cinally good;

[2] Crassus.

But when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
Then justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decried,
And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.
They rack e'en Scripture to confess their cause,
And plead a call to preach, in spite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page;
It has been us'd as ill in every age:
And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take:
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy, who can this talking trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever sense they please.
'Twas fram'd, at first, our oracle to' inquire,
But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.

London! thou great emporium of our isle;
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse, to thy desert;
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand;
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler parts are from infection free:
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disinchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two such gouty hands[3]?

[3] Shute and Pilkington, the two City Sheriffs.

The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey:
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
None are so busy as the fool and knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
In gospel-phrase their chapmen they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey:
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast, ev'n when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.
Whether the plotting jesuit laid the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means their traitorous combination less,
Too plain to' evade, too shameful to confess?
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
The men who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts but, had it taken, they had join'd;
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence,
At first without, at last against their prince:
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not safe, his thunder could they shun;
He should be forc'd to crown another Son.

Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murderers' own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse;
By proving theirs no plot, they prove 'tis worse,
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'Tis working, in the' immediate power to be;
For, from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise;
Then, cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,
But clip his regal rights within the ring:
From thence to' assume the power of peace and war,
And ease him, by degrees, of public care.
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name,
And hold the cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band,
That waits impatient for the last command.
Thus outlaws open villany maintain;
They steal not, but in squadrons scower the plain;
And if their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils republics will not grow;
Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign;

But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest:
And though the climate, vex'd with various winds,
Works, through our yielding bodies, on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.
  But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts!
Whose blandishments a royal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
What curses on thy blasted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy shall call;
For all must curse the woes that must descend on all.
Religion thou hast none; thy mercury
Has past through every sect, or theirs through thee:
But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains,
And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
What else inspires the tongues, and swells the breasts
Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,
That preach up thee for God; dispense thy laws;
And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause;
Fresh fumes of madness raise, and toil and sweat
To make the formidable cripple great? [pow'r
Yet, should thy crimes succeed; should lawless
Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be;
Thy god and theirs will never long agree.
For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
That lets the world and humankind alone;
A jolly god, that passes hours too well
To promise heaven, or threaten us with hell:
That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
And wink at crimes he did himself commit.

A tyrant theirs; the heaven their priesthood paints
A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
A heaven, like Bedlam, slovenly and sad,
Foredoom'd for souls with false religion mad.
Without a vision, poets can foreshow
What all but fools, by common sense, may know:
If true succession from our isle should fail,
And crowds profane, with impious arms, prevail;
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit age.
The swelling poison of the several sects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burst its bag: and, fighting out their way,
The various venoms on each other prey.
The Presbyter, puft up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride,
His brethren damn, the civil power defy,
And parcel out republic-prelacy:
But short shall be his reign; his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to Heaven for help from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war:
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend.
The surly Commons shall respect deny,
And justle Peerage out with property.
Their General either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;

Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings, shall cast anew the frame,
And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.
Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our age:
And our wild labours, wearied into rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

——Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

MAC-FLECNOE.

1682.

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecnoe[1] found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried—"'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell[2] alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity:
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;

1 Flecnoe was an Irishman by birth, and a Roman Catholic priest by profession; but not so utterly contemptible, in some of his poetical essays, as Dryden chose to consider him.

2 Shadwell was educated for the law, but became a voluminous dramatic writer, and the selected butt of Dryden's Varronian satire.

But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch-oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, (the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,)
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of an host,—
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The Trebles squeak for fear, the Basses roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand:
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time[3],
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme[4];

[3] St. Andre was a fashionable dancing-master.
[4] Psyche was an opera, imitated from Moliere by Shadwell.

Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton[5] forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."

Here stop'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed Dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd to' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
A watch-tower once; but now, so Fate ordains
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep[6].
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actor's learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try[7],
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin[8] just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:

[5] Singleton was a musical performer of some eminence. He personated Villerius in D'Avenaut's Siege of Rhodes.

[6] Parodies on these lines of Cowley, (Davideis. Book I.)
Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

[7] ——— Where unfledg'd tempests lie,
And infant Winds their tender voices try.

[8] The character of a cobler.

Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton[9], waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecnoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne:
For ancient Decker[10] prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true Dulness should some Psyches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce[11].

Now Empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the Town.
Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby[12], there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman[13] was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd:

9 A noted punster.

10 Decker is here unsuitably coupled with Shadwell, for he displayed a variety of literary talent, and some tragic powers. Shirley had still superior claims to exemption.

11 Raymond is a character in the Humorists; Bruce, in the Virtuoso.

12 Ogleby translated Homer, Virgil, and Æsop's Fables; and wrote three epic poems.

13 Herringman was a great publisher of poems and plays in Dryden's time.

At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state:
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, (nor should his vow be vain,)
That he till death true Dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
'Love's Kingdom' to his right he did convey[14],
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway; [young,
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head;
Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.—
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took:
The' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial Dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.
"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;

[14] 'Love's Kingdom,' a pastoral tragi-comedy, was written by Flecnoe.

Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!"—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, 'Amen.'
Then thus continued he:—" My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage[15];
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit:
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name:
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose[16]:
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull; [cull,
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine[17]:

15 Characters in Sir George Etherege's 'Man of Mode' a comedy. Cully and Cockwood appear in 'Love in a Tub,' another of his plays.

16 Sir Charles Sedley assisted Shadwell in his successful comedy of 'Epsom Wells.'

17 Sir Formal Trifle is a conceited character in Shadwell's comedy of 'The Virtuoso.'

Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name [18].
Let father Flecnoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains,' Whip-stich, Kiss my a--e[19],'
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense,
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles; thy Comic, sleep.

18 Shadwell affected to be the dramatic disciple of Ben Jonson.

19 This polished phrase is the cant idiom of Sir Samuel Hearty, in the same play.

With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart, though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing Plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land:
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise[20],
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways:
Or if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said; but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil[21] had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet-declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind:
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

[20] In the works of Herbert, Wither, Jordan, and other obsolete minor poets, some of these fantastical vagaries may be seen.

[21] These are fine gentlemen in Shadwell's 'Virtuoso,' who play a trick on Sir Formal Trifle by means of a trap-door.

THE

HIND AND PANTHER.

A Poem.

IN THREE PARTS.

1687.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though Conscience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it: only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least, all such as are received under that denomination. For example, there are some of the church

by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them: yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration: but neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satire any way intended; it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side: for those who are come over to the royal party are, consequently, supposed to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observed that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to kingly government as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both; as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign [1] prince; but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said, 'that he has restored God to his empire over conscience.'

[1] Louis the Fourteenth of France alluded to.

I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully: for at this time of day to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience' sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy to separate from a church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? if they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully, I shall say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, consider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign, who expects a return in *specie* from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far

satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter [2], and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hinderances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad; which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the Third Part of it; but I was always in some hope that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test; which was one design of the Poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended; I mean, that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's papers, and that of the Duchess, (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply when I think he can affront me; for I am of Socrates' opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and, at his leisure, look out for some original treatise

[2] Of 1686.

of humility, written by any Protestant in English, I believe I may say in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncombe on that subject[3], (which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me,) was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, though with the omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last chapter; which will be found on comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause; for matter of fact was the principle debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue; but he may as well infer that a Catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James[4], to confute the Protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The First Part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The Second,

3 Montague affirms that Allen, not Duncombe, was the author of the treatise alluded to by Dryden. See the 'Hind and Panther transversed.'

4 Mrs. Eleanor James, who wrote and published 'A Vindication of the Church of England,' &c. She was the wife of a printer. See *Malone's Dryden*, II. 539.

being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church-authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The Third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common-places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other; at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized; because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE

HIND AND PANTHER.

PART I.

——Antiquam exquirite matrem,—
Et vera incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.

A MILK-WHITE Hind[1], immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without, unspotted; innocent, within;
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin:
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many-winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
The' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains

[1] The Roman Catholic church.

With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.
Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd,
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight:
For Truth has such a face and such a mien
As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear[2], an independent beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare[3]
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape[4], as atheists use,
Mimic'd all sects, and had his own to choose;
Still when the Lion look'd his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist Boar[5], impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace:
But since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;

[2] The Independent sect. [3] The Quaker.
[4] The Freethinker. [5] The Anabaptist.

So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard[6] fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd;
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And nature's King through Nature's optics view'd;
Revers'd, they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a god descry:
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights, and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguis'd in mortal mould, and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?

[6] The Unitarian.

And, after that, trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel?
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste, rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who say the host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified?
Impassable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars, impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight:
For, since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain
One single place two bodies did contain;
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility:
For later ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine,
As means, or ends, of some more deep design?

Most sure, as means; whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the' eternal Son.
God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith, rely
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If, then, our faith we for our guide admit;
Vain is the farther search of human wit;
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the' unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why choose we then, like bylanders, to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed;
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.

Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail, before the venture miss.
But Heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity;
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains,
A fiercer foe, the' insatiate wolf, remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore;
The bear, the boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the rest the wolfish race
Appear, with belly gaunt and famish'd face;
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clap'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprise:
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen;
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliffe's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from the' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman-lake his consort lin'd;
That fiery Zuinglius first the' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.

In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the Prince;
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest:
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burden of a class[7].
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark;
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The dog (a common species) will contain;
And some wild curs who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and state have you redress'd?
With teeth untried, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws;
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small[8],
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall,
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north-ocean girds the continent?
Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed;
And, like the first, the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour herbage rises on the green;

[7] The classical ordination of the Presbyterian church.
[8] Geneva: bounded by its ramparts and lake.

So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds;
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracts of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Presbyt'ry and pestilential Zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;
But, ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on humankind
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike;
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of Nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey;

Man only of a softer mould is made,
Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the' inferior family of Heaven:
The Smith Divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But, when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast,
And mercy, mix'd with reason, did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative:
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, issuing naked to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet t' o'ertake 'em in their flight:
Of easy shape, and pliant every way,
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation-day;
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began;
Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,
And pride of empire, sour'd his balmy blood:

Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins,
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins;
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus Persecution rose, and farther space
Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd
Content to fold 'em from the famish'd beast:
Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless Hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British Lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions! Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance;
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from the' invading foe.
Where birth hath plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
The common benefit of vital air:
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd,
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold:
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey:
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,

Who, far from steeples, and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave,
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive;
But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle-things
As only buz to Heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance;
Such are the blindfold blows of Ignorance:
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free;
Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart:
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just drop'd half way down, nor lower fell;

So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy-heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun:
A lion[9] old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name;
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd Reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to church and state:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence;
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside:
Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratified!
Where marriage-pleasures midnight prayer supply,
And matin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increase and Multiply.
Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face,
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate;
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

[9] Henry the Eighth.

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to Heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
To' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet;
Bethought him of a wife, ere half-way gone,
(For 'twas uneasy travelling alone)
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
The' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her head,
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part, of decent discipline,
Show'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church, and churches' head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read:
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd;
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.

In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends;
Their contradicting terms she strives to join,
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign:
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receiv'd by those who in communion join;
But the' inward grace, or the thing signified,
His blood and body, who to save us died.
The faithful this thing signified receive;
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signified and understood
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood:
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.
  Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd.
But sure no church can better morals boast:
True to her king her principles are found,
Oh, that her practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood.
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine;
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:

A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone;
Resolv'd into a baser form, they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Isgrim's[10] counsel, her new-chosen mate;
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent, but the true.
  Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority:
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform by text, e'en that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find;
The Word's a weathercock for every wind:
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale:
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils whom she first betray'd;
No help from Fathers' or Tradition's train;
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that Scripture which she once abus'd,
To reformation stands herself accus'd.

10 The Wolf.

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide:
If, then, that conscience set the' offender free,
It bars her claim to church-authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be construed to defend?
E'en those whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits:
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sénds to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against the' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
  Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd,
Whom soon by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole:
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:

Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage, for her vanish'd train;
None of her silvan subjects made their court,
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort:
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those, whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
Ask'd no permission to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking first,
As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar
The sovereign Lion bade her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus, she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest, amaz'd,
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them to question certitude of sense,

Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation show'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear'd.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; (the Hind had seen him first;)
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat awhile on their adventures pass'd;
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot:
Yet, wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour the' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hop'd might be with ease re-
Considering her a well-bred civil beast, [dress'd,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the Spotted Muff began.

PART II.

"DAME, (said the Panther) times are mended well
Since late among the Philistines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a spacious track of ground
With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;
The' inclosure narrow'd, the sagacious pow'r
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour:
'Tis true the younger Lion[1] scap'd the snare,
But all your priestly calves lay struggling there,
As sacrifices on their altars laid,
While you their careful mother wisely fled,
Not trusting Destiny to save your head:
For whate'er promises you have applied
To your unfailing church, the surer side
Is four fair legs, in danger to provide:
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to 'scape so well."

"As I remember, (said the sober Hind)
Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,
As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too;
Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,
(As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)
Because some forms, and ceremonies some,
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but, thinking long,
The Test, it seems, at last, has loos'd your tongue.

1 James the Second, then Duke of York.

And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push'd against a wall,
Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?"
"Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
(Replied the Panther:) grant such presence were,
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe."
"Then, (said the Hind) as you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the shadow for the meat:
Your church's substance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure still.
I freely grant you spoke to save your life,
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, against yourself you swore;
Your former self; for every hour your form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.
Thus fear and interest will prevail with some,
For all have not the gift of martyrdom."
The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus replied:
"That men may err was never yet denied:
But, if that common principle be true,
The canon, Dame, is levell'd full at you.

But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
That wondrous wight——Infallibility:
Is he from Heaven, this mighty champion, come,
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place."
' Suppose, though I disown it, (said the Hind)
The certain mansion were not yet assign'd;
The doubtful residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because philosophers may disagree,
If sight by' emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd—I do not see?
But you require an answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For fallacies in universals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In pope and general councils must reside;
Both lawful, both combin'd; what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted sense the church relies.
'Tis true some doctors in a scantier space,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place:
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The churches' after-acceptation join.
This last circumference appears too wide;
The church diffus'd is by the council tied;
As members, by their representatives
Oblig'd to laws, which prince and senate gives.
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space;
In pope and council who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Those canons all the needful points contain,
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,

That no disputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd;
If any should in after-times appear, [clear;
New councils must be call'd to make the meaning
Because in them the power supreme resides,
And all the promises are to the guides.
This may be taught with sound and safe defence;
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who, setting councils, pope, and church aside,
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All who can read, interpreters may be:
Thus, though your several churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world,
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake;
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
Where driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door;
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.

For he, kind prophet, was for damning none,
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran."

"True, (said the Panther) I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
Though Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation,
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:
Yet, Lady, still remember I maintain
The Word in needful points is only plain."

"Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend,
(Rejoin'd the matron) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still, astray
In weighty points, and full damnation's way:
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel-texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That strong debate? was it by Scripture tried?
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?

The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth."
The Panther smil'd at this: "And when (said she)
Where those first councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic?"
"Friend, (said the Hind) you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture found:
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit."
"No, (said the Panther) for in that I view
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true;
I set 'em by the rule, and as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare."
HIND. "The council steer'd, it seems, a different course;
They tried the Scripture by tradition's force;
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The Word is then depos'd, and in this view
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you."
Thus said the Dame, and, smiling, thus pursued:
"I see tradition then is disallow'd
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you:
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground,
Unless you could infallibly expound;
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.

Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our titles on the same:
After long labour lost, and time's expense,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
Thus all disputes for ever must depend;
For no dumb rule can controversies end.
Thus, when you said—tradition must be tried
By sacred writ, whose sense yourselves decide;—
You said no more, but that yourselves must be
The judges of the Scripture-sense, not we.
Against our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain where all dissent."

"If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
(Replied the Panther) what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold."

"How but by following her, (replied the Dame)
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;
Where every age does one another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies?"
Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eyeballs glittering in the dark,
And said but this: "Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful gapes have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing; to your sons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too."

Hind. "The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for sweet,
But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet;

You learn'd this language from the blatant beast[2],
Or rather did not speak, but were possest.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd,
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs, unblemish'd authors use
As ancient as those ages they accuse;
Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame;
An old possession stands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own:
For, when traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry:
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the Twelve Apostles would be left.
Your friend, the Wolf, did with more craft pro-
To set these toys, traditions, quite aside; [vide
And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.
But, Madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
Are not so wise as your adulterer;
The private spirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find:
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd,
The way to please 'em was to make them proud.
Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf;
Who could suspect a cozenage from himself?
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand:
But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,

[2] The Wolf, or Presbyterian clergy.

Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are, like a mule, made up of differing seed,
And that's the reason why you never breed;
At least, not propagate your kind abroad,
For home-dissenters are by statutes aw'd:
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood;
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we must fix on church-authority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
That must be better still if this be good.
Shall she command who has herself rebell'd?
Is Antichrist by Antichrist expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race?
Why all these wars to win the Book, if we
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions must not fight;
But they must prove Episcopacy's right.
Thus those led horses are from service freed,
You never mount 'em but in time of need:
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home-defence,
They will not serve against their native prince.
Against domestic foes of hierarchy
These are drawn forth, to make Fanatics fly;
But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
Marching against 'em under church-command,
Straight they forsake their colour, and disband."

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge,
But said; "For what did Christ his Word provide,
If still his church must want a living guide?
And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred penmen could not make 'em clear,
From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain."
"Before the Word was written (said the Hind)
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to humankind:
From his Apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus, by tradition faith was planted first,
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
Who sure could all things for the best dispose,
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
The' event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read, but heard:
But since the' Apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow,
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too:
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share,
They hearken'd still, for love produces care;

And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supplied:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all,
Nor first intended but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor, if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught;
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
'He darkly writ,' is true, applied to all.
For this obscurity could Heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to the' Apostles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit,
I think those truths their sacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.
Nor would I thence the Word no rule infer,
But none without the church-interpreter;
Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itself the subject of dispute.
But what the' Apostles their successors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
The'undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.

From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise,
And, safe intrench'd within, her foes without defies
By these, all-festering sores her councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
Nor can a council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide;
I wish the cause were on that issue tried:
Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent,
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead;
All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
And each pretends by those his cause is plain:
Shall then the testament award the right?
No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, subject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair estate.
The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what consonants are there:
Therefore 'tis plain its meaning must be tried
Before some judge appointed to decide."

"Suppose, (the fair Apostate said) I grant
The faithful flock some living guide should want,
Your arguments an endless chase pursue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moses of the chosen crew."

The Dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;

And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his deity,
Pronounc'd his words—'She whom ye seek am I.'
Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd;
Then thus the Matron modestly renew'd:
"Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
And see to which of them yourselves think fit
The conduct of your conscience to submit:
Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest:
Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
And end as it began, in anarchy:
Yourself the fairest for election stand,
Because you seem crown-general of the land;
But soon against your superstitious lawn
Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn.
In your establish'd laws of sovereignty
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
And call rebellion Gospel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submission mollified, if not entire.
Homage denied, to censures you proceed;
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
(Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound;
Nor think less reverence to their doctors due
For sound interpretation, than to you.

If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother-prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd should obey;
But if you mean yourselves are only sound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the rest are false reformers found;
Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one,
And therefore must be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
Against this forc'd submission they protest;
While sound and sound a different sense explains,
Both play at hard-head till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each others force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your church alone,
Of all usurpers, best could fill the throne:
But neither you, nor any sect beside,
For this high office can be qualified
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.
For that which must direct the whole must be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity;
But all your several churches disagree.
The consubstantiating[3] church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist:
The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,
Because you judge their ordination vain;
And so they judge of yours; but donors must ordain.
In short, in doctrine or in discipline
Not one reform'd can with another join;

[3] The Lutherans.

But all from each, as from damnation, fly:
No union they pretend but in non-popery:
Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
Could any church presume to mount the seat
Above the rest, their discords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And, face to face, dissensions would increase;
For only distance now preserves the peace.
All in their turns, accusers, and accus'd,
Babel was never half so much confus'd.
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible.
Now, since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside;
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
It then remains—that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
Relapsing from a necessary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you disown:
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions down.
For petty royalties you raise debate;
But this unfailing universal state [weight;
You shun, nor dare succeed to such a glorious

And for that cause those promises detest,
With which our Saviour did his church invest;
But strive to' invade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you;
All which the mother-church asserts her own,
And with unrival'd claim ascends the throne:
So, when of old the' Almighty Father sate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent, the sacred consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mix'd with justice, could propound;
All prompt with eager pity to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will:
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, the' Eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity,
Stood forth to' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight, which all the frame of Heaven had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows,
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse,
Behold what marks of majesty she brings,
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To show whom she commands, and who obeys:
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
With that to' assert spiritual royalty.

" One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond;
Not sparkles, shatter'd into sects, like you;
One is the church, and must be, to be true:
One central principal of unity,
As undivided, so from errors free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the' insulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant brood invades her throne,
She stoops from Heaven, and meets 'em half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian-sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land;
You could, like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course:
But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
And public scandal sat upon the face,
Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The Gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.
" Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;

Our sailing ships like common-sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews:
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian coast:
Thieves, panders, palliards[4], sins of every sort,
Those are the manufactures we export;
And these the missioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon, be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.
"Yet some improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name,
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame.
"Thus, of three marks, which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be applied to you;
Much less the fourth: in vain, alas! you seek
The' ambitious title of Apostolic:
Godlike descent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.
"'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,

[4] Debauchees.

And built new doctrines on unstable sands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains! you prov'd her,
yet she stands.
Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Show when, and how, and from what hands they
grew.
We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old:
How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd than saying, 'twas not us'd before.
Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.
"Thus, what you call corruptions are, in truth,
The first plantations of the Gospel's youth;
Old standard faith: but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful
reign;
And we can point each period of the time
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long the' eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.
"Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate:

Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.
If such a one you find, let truth prevail;
Till when, your weights will in the balance fail;
A church unprincipled kicks up the scale.
" But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That He, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place;
That seven successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in the' abyss of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes;
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son;
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.
See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face, [brace.
Stands ready to prevent her long-lost son's em-
Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor less himself could from discovery keep,
When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joseph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold[5];
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold."
Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke,

[5] The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey lands.

Shot from the skies, a cheerful azure light;
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James his late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night;
The messenger with speed the tidings bore;
News which three labouring nations did restore;
But Heaven's own Nuncius was arriv'd before.

By this the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell:
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on Heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night:
" 'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
(She said) were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast;
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely her's; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast:
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health."
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,

Because she wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air:
But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear;
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford,
And took her friendly hostess at her word;
Who entering first her lowly roof,—a shed
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest;
"So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner;
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious, of a Stygian race,
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain;
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain."

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;

And, though ill habits are not soon control'd,
Awhile suspended her desire of gold:
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacified her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did first her country cates provide,
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

PART III.

Much malice, mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ;
Because the muse has peopled Caledon
With panthers, bears, and wolves, and beasts unknown,
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British lioness;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous guest by night:
Let those remember that she cannot die
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd[1]:

[1] The declaration of Indulgence.

The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met[2].
Mean while, she quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten sallad cool'd her blood. [scant,
Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
To' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past,—a sadly-pleasing theme;
Remembering every storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt, for her own children's fate.
Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength to' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd:
For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues would say
They met like chance-companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;

[2] The Convocation.

But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded, when her speech was done,
And thank'd her coldly, in a hollow tone:
But said, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
"I might (she added) with like praise describe
Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe;
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's day."
This heard, the Matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
And canker'd Malice, stood in open sight:
Ambition, Interest, Pride without control,
And Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes;
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness, with an alter'd face:
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;
But strove with anodynes to' assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart:
"Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
It shows a rest of kindness to complain;

A friendship loth to quit its former hold;
And conscious merit may be justly bold:
But much more just your jealousy would shew,
If other's good were injury to you:
Witness, ye Heavens, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty!
Your warrior-offspring that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
When Virtue spooms[3] before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.
"The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
'Tis just you reap the product of the field:
Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
Say, which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.

[3] To scud briskly. A sea term.

Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

"Show more occasion for your discontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
An enemy profess'd of all your kind:
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink."

This last allusion gall'd the Panther more,
Because, indeed, it rubb'd upon the sore;
Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly pain'd,
But thus her passive character maintain'd:

"I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much belied,
But I am always on the suffering side:
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm principle I ever stood;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood."

"Ah! (said the Hind) how many sons have you
Who call you Mother, whom you never knew?
But most of them who that relation plead
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame Gold;

Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that, for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line?
They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.
" Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
Though most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race;
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For in some Popish libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
At least her hinder parts the belly piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice, too, a sore suspicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at kings:
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line;
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.
" Think you your new French proselytes are come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Messiah by the star:
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide;
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.

More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take;
The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber-practice is a silent gain.
Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;
They melt, and take the figure of the mould,
But harden, and preserve it best in gold."

"Your Delphic sword (the Panther then replied)
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
Three steeples argent in a sable field,
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themselves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare:
Bare lies with bold assertions they can face,
But dint of argument is out of place:
The grim logician puts 'em in a fright;
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They say the schism of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest;
I mean not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
For sundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessor his pain;
With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the reformation round,
No treatise of Humility is found:

But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant
The sermon on the mount was Protestant."
"No doubt, (replied the Hind) as sure as all
The writings of St. Peter and St. Paul;
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now, for my converts, who, you say, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hear-say, but observe, at least,
If since their change, their loaves have been increast.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign;
Your broadway-sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But, rais'd three steeples higher, would change their note,
And quit the cassock for the canting coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
"Mean time, my sons, accus'd by Fame's report,
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court;
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For silently they beg, who daily wait.
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they should speed, their fortune is untried,
For not to ask is not to be denied.
For what they have, their God and king they bless;
And hope they should not murmur, had they less;
But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they would pass your door.

Unpitied Hudibras, your champion-friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend:
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.'
With odious atheist names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expose?
It never fails in charities like those.
In climes where true religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest:
But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is't that black detraction thrives?
The homicide of names is less than lives,
And yet the perjur'd murderer survives!"

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
The boiling indignation of her breast:
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the generous lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over, and disdains the' inglorious prey.
So James (if great with less we may compare)
Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air,
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
To' implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.

This breathing-time the Matron took; and then
Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
"Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine:

If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease; but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls, to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou has given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

"Thus (she pursued) I discipline a son,
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too;
That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore!

"It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princess dead! did Shimei worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he who counsell'd him has paid the score;

The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights descend.
So to permitted ills the demon flies;
His rage is aim'd at Him who rules the skies;
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
The foe discharges every tire around,
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight,
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

" In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
To that long story little answer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which from the cause, he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.

" Now let your sons a double pæan sound,
A treatise of Humility is found;
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
My altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore, or practise better what you stole:
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require."

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her favourite sons expos'd:
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man
To make himself a saver where he can.

Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private person in the foes estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate;
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let the' abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,
A spotted dame, and all her offspring white.

The Savage, though she saw her plea control'd,
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judg'd conversion by the convert's life.
" Tis true, (she said) I think it somewhat strange,
So few should follow profitable change;
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him, is not to purloin)
Two magnets, Heaven and earth, allure to bless;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this;
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod awhile, but neighbourhood prevails;
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow:
Methinks in those, who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain."

" Your inference would be strong, (the Hind replied,)
If yours were in effect the suffering side;

Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversion less:
My proselytes are struck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;
The respite they enjoy but only lent,
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
That is, 'till man's predominant passions cease,
Admire no longer at my slow increase.
" By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred:
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat;
But interest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth,
They study that, and think they study truth.
When interest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent:
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent.
Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cause;
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And, chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And, more than all, the private judge allow'd;
Disdain of fathers, which the dance began;
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman."

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile;
" Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
And here and there you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray Heaven you did not prophesy your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear."
" For charity, (replied the Matron) tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds befel."
" Nay, no mischance, (the savage Dame replied)
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
" The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine:
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer-seat, and feather'd well her nest,
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And Time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophecy she knew;

When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common-council, vote a flight!
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair;
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves in air:
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night;
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
The wind was fair, but blew a mackerel[4] gale;
The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt water, never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.
With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-bellied, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind:
Yet often quoted canon-laws and code,
And Fathers which he never understood;
But little learning needs in noble blood:
For sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in
Her household-chaplain, and her next of kin;
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guess;

[4] A brisk gale.

In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.
" Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not; so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream;
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express,
By which he slily seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate:
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many ages yet)
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A dame should drown with all her feather'd train,
And seas from thence be call'd—the Chelidonian main.
At this, some shook for fear; the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.
" 'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he who heard what every fool could say,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new;
No more than usual equinoxes blew.

The sun, already from the scales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind, [wind.
But change from bad to worse, of weather and of
Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly;
'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.
But least of all, philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams from melancholy fumes;
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight [round,
Till grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain presages bear
Of ill effect to such alone who fear:
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease:
Not naming persons and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.
" The' advice was true, but fear had seiz'd the [most,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question crudely put, to shun delay,
'Twas carried by the major part—to stay.
" His point thus gain'd; Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a priest became a prince.
He order'd all things with a busy care,
And cells, and refectories did prepare,
And large provisions laid of winter-fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,
And for their sakes the sun should backward go;
Against the laws of Nature upward climb,
And mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.

In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd—of Ease:
For Martin much devotion did not ask;
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.
" It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow-kind,
Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind;
(For Swisses or for Gibeonites design'd)
These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain,
And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At last they heard the foolish cuckoo sing,
Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of Spring.
" No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.
The priest before 'em did his wings display;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
" Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.

Their mothers think a fair provision made,
That every son can live upon his trade;
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be supplied;
But first the lover is by lawyers tied
To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
So thick they couple, in so short a space,
That Martin's marriage-offerings rise a-pace:
Their ancient houses running to decay,
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; store of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid:
Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new-returning year,
To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.
" And now 'twas time, (so fast their numbers rise)
To plant abroad, and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
(For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated day;
The rest would needs conduct 'em on their way:
And Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.
" So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
That now their afternoon began to waste;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The sun was enter'd into Capricorn,
Which by their bad astronomers' account,
That week the Virgin Balance should remount:
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the small remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, pursued no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and justled in the dark:

Few mind the public, in a panic-fright,
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repose;
Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.
" What should they do, beset with dangers round,
No neighbouring dorp[5], no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable ground?
The latter brood, who just began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For succour to their helpless mother call;
She spread her wings; some few beneath 'em crawl;
She spread 'em wider yet, but could not cover all.
To' augment their woes, the winds began to move,
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hail-stones, mix'd with snow and rain.
" The joyless morning late arose, and found
A dreadful desolation reign around, [ground.
Some buried in the snow, some frozen to the
The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
The crows' and ravens' right, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree;
But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of the town,
And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Martin himself was caught alive, and tried
For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide
No Martin there in winter shall abide.

[5] A village.

High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpse, unbless'd, is hanging still
To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill."

The patience of the Hind did almost fail,
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale;
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows; [rose:
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest
But most in Martin's character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state:
Then said, " I take the' advice in friendly part;
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my sons, the family is bless'd,
Whose every child is equal to the rest:
No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine;
Or else on old fanatic author[6] lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The sunshine that offends the purblind sight:
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.
Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you;
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes 'em so;
But that's a word of neutral sense you know,

6 John White, called 'Century White,' from having published a tract, entitled " The first Century of scandalous malignant Priests," &c.

A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king."
" Rest well assur'd, (the Pardelis reply'd)
My sons would all support the regal side;
Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle should be tried."
The Matron answer'd with a loud *Amen*,
And thus pursued her argument again:—
" If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess;
What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)
To join our nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove,
For sanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformer's coat.
Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.

Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
'Tis plain that, not repealing, you allow.
" To name the Test would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand;
Yet still remember that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sovereign lord;
Design'd to hew the' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown.
To' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
" Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common sire surrendering in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold, [gold.
Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the
What more could you have done than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot been true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground:
But now when time has made the'imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held her train) [again?
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes
The painted harlot might awhile bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

"The first reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your answer is, they were not dispossest;
They need but rub their metal on the Test,
To prove their ore; 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and tried on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful Test unsound will pass,
The dross of atheists, and sectarian brass;
As if the' experiment were made to hold
For base production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the church or state from these;
The Papist only has his writ of Ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.
"Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race,
We banish not, but they forsake the place;
Our doors are open;—true, but ere they come,
You toss your 'censing Test, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell."
To this the Panther sharply had replied;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfied to have the but and peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she sued *in formâ pauperis;*

Yet thought it decent something should be said,
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd;
So neither granted all, nor much denied,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride:
" Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to the' Italian king:
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call—to join.
You plead, like him, an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
To' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be tied,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil the' intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
Those household-puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sovereign would my vote implore;
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more."
" Conscience is then your plea (replied the Dame)
Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same:
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the dye with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey;
He might have had your statutes and your Test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther tried,
But on that broken reed your church relied.

In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move
his heart:
But when by long experience you had prov'd
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supplied,
You thought your sovereign bound to send the tide;
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd—he durst not be a king:
Then Conscience, unrestrained by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And make a wise alliance with her foes.
Can Conscience own the' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be tried,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus Conscience, never to be tied!
What Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her name with men below."

" Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,
(The Panther answer'd in a surly tone)
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.

Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which, proudly rising, overlooks the land;
And, once let in, with unresisted sway
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity;
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
'Possess your soul with patience,' and attend;
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above!)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now."
"Hold, (said the Hind) 'tis needless to explain;
You would postpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust;
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust:
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal would persecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves she might before;
But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door.
"Your care about your banks, infers a fear
Of threatening floods, and inundations near;

If so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
To' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause;
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.
Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.
" But piety commands me to refrain;
Those prayers are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act to which by honour he is tied,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more."
" Well, (said the Panther) I believe him just,
And yet——"
" And yet, 'tis but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust."
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd to' enlarge
On power of kings, and their superior charge,
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice;
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes given of her once loyal voice.
The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was past:

Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally;
Which well she hop'd would more successful prove
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd "what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?"
The Dame replied; "'Tis sung in every street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet;
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely style.

"A plain good man, whose name is understood[7],
(So few deserve the name of plain and good,)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd, for his truth;
At land, and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more adventurous knight,
Who oftener drew his sword, and always for the right.

"As Fortune would, (his fortune came, though late)
He took possession of his just estate;
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent,
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his hinds; their pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick:

[7] James the Second.

For little souls on little shifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie.
False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way,
But shows of honest bluntness to betray;
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet, sure, attends his birth,
Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth;
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive,
To show plain dealing once an age may thrive;
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
Exceeded her commission to befriend.

"This grateful man, as Heaven increas'd his store,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor:
His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd[8];
And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

"Nor did their alms extend to those alone
Whom common faith more strictly made their own;
A sort of Doves[9] were hous'd too near their hall,
Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.

[8] The Catholic chapel in Whitehall.

[9] The London clergy of the Church of England.

Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.

"That house, which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built long since, God knows, for better birds;
But, fluttering there, they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like harpies they could scent a plenteous board;
Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd:
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind;
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd, they never quit their claim,
For then 'tis sanctified to Heaven's high name;
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent
The gift should be profan'd by worldly management.

"Their flesh was never to the table serv'd,
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood:
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en though they were not Doves, to persecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton-kind should teach him abstinence:
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which, new from treading, in their bills they brought;

But left his hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rights was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose crops impure
Repaid their commons with their salt-manure,
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use;
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed[10],
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates and their nurseries:
Though hard their fare, at evening and at morn,
(A cruise of water, and an ear of corn,)
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey;
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites, and vex the' ethereal powers,
With midnight matins at uncivil hours;
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest:
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?

[10] The Catholic clergy, supported by King James II.

The world was fall'n into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray:
Good sense in sacred worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year:
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands they fled;
And sister Partlet, with her hooded head[11],
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the restiff world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer;
Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress, to make her please:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
"Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught;
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease:
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail,
(For Vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful grace)
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
And this grotesque design expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike:

[11] Nuns.

Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall:
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
And by him, a mis-shapen, ugly race;
The curse of God was seen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse they look, the fitter for a fiend.
" The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know
The passive church had struck the foremost blow;
With groundless fears, and jealousies possest,
As if this troublesome intruding guest
Would drive the birds of Venus[12] from their nest;
A deed his in-born equity abhorr'd,
But Interest will not trust, though God should plight [his word.
" A law, the source of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms,
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute[13] chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet[14].
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise;
By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to trust or profit should succeed,
Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked weed;

[12] The Doves.
[13] Of high treason, against priests saying mass in England.
[14] The Roman Catholic nobility.

Or that[15] to which old Socrates was curst,
Or henbane-juice, to swell them till they burst.
" The patron, as in reason, thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard, [barr'd.
By which the sovereign was of subjects' use de-
All gentle means he tried, which might withdraw
The' effects of so unnatural a law;
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood,
Deaf to their own and to their neighbours' good;
And, which was worse, if any worse could be,
Repented of their boasted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular applause;
For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
" New doubts, indeed, they daily strove to raise,
Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays,
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear,
And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
The master smil'd to see 'em work in vain
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts;
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies; [wise.
For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to be
" After a grave consult what course were best,
One, more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
' That desperate cures must be to desperate ills
applied;

[15] Hemlock.

And, therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from the' increasing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profess'd to him and all his kind;
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak;
The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lie,
We call him but a Hawk—by courtesy:
I know he hates the Pigeon-house and farm,
And more, in time of war has done us harm;
But all his hate on trivial points depends;
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends;
For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care,
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign-sway;
Petition him to' accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.'
" This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.
" Their welcome suit was granted, soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.
He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity,
' God save King Buzzard!' was the general cry.
" A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height;

Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer,
Black-brow'd and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter;
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built, for love's delight,
A prophet form'd, to make a female proselyte.
A theologue more by need, than genial bent;
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
Interest in all his actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled;
But brought the virtues of his heaven along,
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
And then himself pursued his compliment;
But, by reverse of fortune, chas'd away,
His gifts no longer then their author stay:
He shakes the dust against the' ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same;
For, in his rage, he spares no sovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their style,
By the same measure that they frown or smile.
When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
The kindness he returns—is to expose:
For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
As tribute to his wit the churl receives the treat.
His praise of foes is venomously nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
'A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.'
Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
Because he knows confession stands for one;

Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;
Stood forth the' accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scowers the streets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets:
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.
" Such was, and is, the captain of the Test,
Though half his virtues are not here express'd;
The modesty of Fame conceals the rest.
The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge than save;
A king, whom in his wrath the' Almighty gave;
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-subjects to enthral,
Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em lords of all.
" False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossess'd;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor goggling eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The house of prayer is stock'd with large increase,
Nor doors nor windows can contain the press:

For birds of every feather fill the' abode;
E'en atheists, out of envy, own a God;
And, reeking from the stews, adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals, to demolish Rome.
That Conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute;
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the less, because it was their lord's request;
They thought it great their sovereign to control,
And nam'd their pride—Nobility of soul.
" 'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince-elect,
Were short of power their purpose to effect;
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender chickens from their food;
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer,
With all respect, he was a gross idolater.
" But when the' imperial owner did espy
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
He strove a temper for the' extremes to find,
So to be just, as he might still be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of sacred strength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infring'd, but license to oppress:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong:
But since his own domestic birds have tried
The dire effects of their destructive pride,
He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
Concluding well within his kingly breast,
His fowls of Nature too unjustly were opprest.

He therefore makes all birds of every sect
Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his district and his bounds decreed;
Combin'd in common interest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.
"Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove,
All prophecies accomplish'd from above;
For Shiloh comes, the sceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionysius to a private rod [16],
The passive church, that with pretended grace
Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.
"What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed, the sacred spoils of peace.
'Tis said the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate;
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour,
But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r:
Like snows in warmth, that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.
"The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race

16 Dionysius the younger, being expelled from Syracuse, became a schoolmaster at Corinth.

To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly flight.
But each have separate interests of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne:
Nor can the' usurper long abstain from food;
Already he has tasted Pigeons' blood,
And may be tempted to his former fare, [pair.
When this indulgent lord shall late to Heaven re-
Bare-benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress'd,
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast."
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings, at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose:
For now the streaky light began to peep,
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
The peace of Heaven, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.

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DRYDEN.

When Jubal struck the chorded shell.

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CONTENTS.

Page

EPISTLES.

To my Friend, Mr. John Hoddesdon. 1650. 9
To my honoured Friend, Sir Robert Howard, on his excellent Poems. 1660 10
To Lord-Chancellor Hyde, presented on New-year's Day. 1662 13
To my honoured Friend, Dr. Charleton, on his learned and useful Works; but more particularly his Treatise of Stone-Henge, by him restored to the true Founder 18
To the Lady Castlemaine, upon her encouraging his first Play 20
To her Royal Highness the Duchess, on the memorable Victory gained by the Duke over the Hollanders, June 3, 1665; and on her Journey afterwards into the North 22
To Mr. Lee, on his 'Alexander the Great.' 1677 24
To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent Essay on Translated Verse. 1680 26
To Sir George Etherege 29
To the Duchess of York, on her return from Scotland in the Year 1682 31

Page

To my Friend Mr. John Northleigh, Author of 'The Parallel:' on his Triumph of the British Monarchy. 1685 33
To Mr. Southern, on his Comedy called 'The Wives' Excuse.' 1692 34
To Henry Higden, Esq. on his Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal 35
To my dear Friend, Mr. Congreve, on his Comedy called 'The Double Dealer.' 1694 36
To Mr. Granville, on his excellent Tragedy called 'Heroic Love.' 1698 39
To my Friend, Mr. Motteux, on his Tragedy called 'Beauty in Distress.' 1698 40
To my honoured Kinsman, John Dryden, of Chesterton, in the County of Huntingdon, Esq. 42
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, principal Painter to his Majesty 49

PROLOGUES.

Spoken the first Day of the King's-House acting after the Fire 55
Spoken at the opening of the New-House, March 26, 1674 56
To the University of Oxford. 1674 58
To Circe. By Dr. Davenant. 1675 60
To Cæsar Borgia. By N. Lee. 1680 61
To Sophonisba. At Oxford. 1680 62
Prologue 63
To the University of Oxford, 1681 64
To his Royal Highness, upon his first Appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his return from Scotland. 1682 66

Page

To the Earl of Essex. By J. Banks. 1682. Spoken to the King and Queen, at their coming to the House 67
To the Loyal Brother. By Southern. 1682 69
To the Duke of Guise. 1683 71
To the University of Oxford 72
To Ditto 74
To Ditto 75
To the Disappointment. By Southern. 1684 77
To the King and Queen, upon the Union of the two Companies in 1686 79
To the Princess of Cleves. By N. Lee. 1689 81
To the Widow Ranter. By Mrs. Behn. 1690 82
To Arviragus and Philicia. Revived by Lodowic Carlell, Esq. 83
To the Prophetess. By Beaumont and Fletcher. Revived by Dryden 84
To the Mistakes. By Joseph Harris. 1690 86
Prologue 88
To Albumazar 89
To the Pilgrim. By Beaumont and Fletcher. Revived for our Author's benefit. 1700 91
For the Women, when they acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 93

EPILOGUES.

Spoken at the Opening of the New-House, March 26, 1674 94
Intended to have been spoken by the Lady Hen. Mar. Wentworth, when Calisto was acted at Court 95
To the Man of Mode. By Sir George Etherege. 1676 97

Page
To Mithridates, King of Pontus. By N. Lee. 1678 98
To the Tragedy of Tamerlane. By Saunders 99
For the King's House 100
To the Loyal Brother. 1682 101
To the Duke of Guise. 1683 103
To the University of Oxford 105
Spoken at Oxford. By Mrs. Marshall 106
To Constantine the Great. By N. Lee. 1684 107
To the King and Queen, upon the Union of the two Companies. 1686 109
To the Princess of Cleves. 1689 111
To Henry II. By Mountfort. 1693 112
Epilogue 113
To the Husband his own Cuckold 114
To the Pilgrim 116
Songs 118

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

On the Death of Lord Hastings. 1649 . . . 133
To the Memory of Mr. Oldham. 1683 . . . 135
To the pious Memory of the accomplished young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew. 1685 136
Upon the Death of the Earl of Dundee. 1689 143
Dedication. Inscribed to Eleonora, the Earl of Abingdon, &c. 1692 144
Eleonora. A panegyrical Poem. To the Memory of the late Countess of Abingdon 151
On the Death of Amyntas. A pastoral Elegy 162
On the Death of a very young Gentleman . . 165
Upon young Master Rogers of Gloucestershire 167
On the Death of Mr. Purcell . . . . . ib.

Epitaph on the Lady Whitmore 169
——— on Sir Palmes Fairbone's Tomb in Westminster-Abbey ..... ib.
Under Milton's Picture, before his Paradise Lost 170
On the Monument of a fair maiden Lady, who died at Bath, and is there interred 171
Epitaph on Mrs. Margaret Paston, of Burningham in Norfolk 172
On the Monument of the Marquis of Winchester. 1674 173

ODES.

Alexander's Feast 174
Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased 180

EPISTLES.

TO MY FRIEND,

MR. JOHN HODDESDON,

ON HIS DIVINE EPIGRAMS[1].

Thou hast inspir'd me with thy soul, and I,
Who ne'er before could ken of poetry,
Am grown so good proficient, I can lend
A line in commendation of my friend.
Yet 'tis but of the second hand; if aught
There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
Good thief, who dar'st, Prometheus-like, aspire,
And fill thy poems with celestial fire:
Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rays
Add a bright lustre to thy crown of bays.
Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took,
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother chin;
And making Heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the Sun of righteousness i'th' face.
What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast?
Scriptures at first, enthusiasms at last!

[1] These were entitled "Sion and Parnassus; or Epigrams on several Texts of the Old and New Testament," and published in 1650; when Dryden was at Trinity-College.

Thou hast commenc'd, betimes, a saint!—go on,
Mingling diviner streams with Helicon,
That they who view what Epigrams here be,
May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.—
Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
Thy greedy eyes; looking on this pure gold
Thou'lt know adulterate copper, which, like this,
Will only serve to be a foil to his.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS. 1660.

As there is music, uninform'd by art,
In those wild notes, which with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less;
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames composure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep,
Such is your Muse: no metaphor swell'd high,
With dangerous boldness, lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweet appear.

Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
Then least to feel when most they suffer pain,
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be;
Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.
Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies spread
Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure, that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.
No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of Wit.
'Tis your strong genius, then, which does not feel
Those weights would make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.
Your easier Odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge Poësy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been,
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge:
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again;
And gives us hope that, having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,

All will at length in this opinion rest,
'A sober prince's government is best.'
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make the' improvement of the richest ground;
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove, had said.
If funeral rights can give a ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Eliza's shade may now its wandering cease,
And claim a title to the fields of Peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;
Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's, view;
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff;
His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only show'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes:
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance, priz'd.
Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the Sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.

But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles's morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shows like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the ancients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory;
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture, in your right, to prophesy:
'This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its geniture: [throne,
For since 'tis born when Charles ascends the
It shares, at once, his fortune, and its own."

TO LORD-CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crowds officiously appear,
To give themselves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,

Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love,
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo:
For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
As those that see the church's sovereign rise,
From their own order chose, in whose high state
They think themselves the second choice of Fate.
When our great Monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffer'd banishment:
Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd druids seem reviv'd by Fate,
While you dispense the laws and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense
Through you to us his vital influence;
You are the channel where those spirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
  In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our King and you.
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther Heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd:

Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
Their share of business in your labouring mind.
So when the weary Sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles, because she lives at ease;
And, like young David, finds her strength the more,
When disencumber'd from those arms she wore.
Heaven would our royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we most did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
Not to increase, but to absolve our crimes:
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any subject to retain)
He wisely tied it to the crown again:
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore
While emp'ric politicians use deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat,
You boldly show that skill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end;
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do Nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Those rich perfumes which, from the happy shore,

The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
So, by your counsels, we are brought to view
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame assure,
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure:
For prosperous princes gain their subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey;
As Heaven's eternal Monarch does convey
His power unseen, and man to his designs
By his bright ministers, the stars, inclines.
  Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
That is, a sufferer in his subjects' crimes.
Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent,
Like Heaven's rewards, in earthly punishment.
Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
E'en then took care to lay you softly by;
And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.
Shown all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise, [wound,
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing
She struck the warlike spear into the ground;
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
And peaceful olives, shaded as they rose.
  How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains, employs.

Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That, like the earth, it leaves our sense behind,
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For, as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony:
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.
Let Envy, then, those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free:
Envy, that does with Misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard if, at so cheap a rate,
You can secure the constancy of Fate,
Whose kindness sent, what does their malice seem,
By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,
But drops of heat, that in the sunshine fall.
You have already wearied Fortune so,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.
In all things else above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet swells not into state;
But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
Where in perpetual spring young Nature smiles,
Your greatness shows; no horror to affright,
But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight.
Sometimes the hill submits itself awhile
In small descents, which do its height beguile;
And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.

Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below:
And, like Olympus' top, the' impression wears
Of love and friendship writ in former years:
Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it:
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this New-year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

DR. CHARLETON,

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONE-HENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
Their free-born reason to the Stagyrite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supplied the state,
Grew scarce and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, (like emp'ric wares or charms,
Hard words) seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
And found a Temperate in a Torrid zone;

The feverish air, fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees,
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and Nature justly claim,
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd;
And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.
Among the' asserters of free Reason's claim,
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert[1] shall live till loadstones cease to draw,
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe;
And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen
Than his great brother, read in states and men.
The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood,
(Whether life's fuel or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's[2] name shall save;
While Ent[3] keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd,
Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,
Flies, like the nimble journies of the light,
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been by Art or Chance,
Redeem'd from error or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more:

[1] William Gilbert, M. D. ob. Nov. 30, 1603.
[2] William Harvey, M. D. ob. June 30, 1657.
[3] Sir George Ent, President of the College of Physicians, &c. ob. 1689.

Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books as well as men.
Nor is this work the least; you well may give,
To men new vigour, who make stones to live.
Through you the Danes, their short dominion lost,
A longer conquest than the Saxons boast. [found
Stone-Henge, once thought a temple, you have
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wondering subjects they were seen,
Joy'd with their stature, and their princely mien.
Our Sovereign here above the rest might stand,
And here be chose again to rule the land.
These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled,
Watch'd by the Genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race:
His refuge, then, was for a temple shown;
But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

TO THE

LADY CASTLEMAINE,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

1663.

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before,
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain;
So my much-envied Muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,

And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose,
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd, chose;
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
By their deserts, or by the world's applause;
Let Merit crowns, and Justice laurels give,
But let me, happy, by your pity live.
True poet's empty fame and praise despise;
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow:
But those great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
Could only spring from noble Grandison.
You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
Your power you never use but for defence,
To guard your own or others' innocence:
Your foes are such as they, not you, have made,
And Virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show, [blow;
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the
With such assurance as they meant to say,
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,

Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some god descended, and preserv'd the play.
When first the triumphs of your sects were sung
By those old poets, Beauty was but young;
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight:
So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You, justly, Madam, have discharg'd to me;
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUCHESS OF YORK[1],

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3, 1665; AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

When, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast,
(The mansion were soft love should only rest)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:

[1] See these verses particularly alluded to in vol. i. p. 46, of Dryden's poems.

And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such navies saw.
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give law;
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea: [cast,
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were
As awfully as when God's people past:
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd the day;
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the English side.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there:
Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore,
But such a leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and Victory he did pursue,
To bring them, as his slaves, to wait on you.
Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to spread another way,
By land, your conquests, far as his by sea;

Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn north ten thousand Cupids strong.
Like commons the nobility resort,
In crowding heaps to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun;
And country-beauties by their lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wondering at the show.
So when the new-born phœnix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the East,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd;
Each poet of the air her glory sings,
And round her the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

TO MR. LEE,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF 'ALEXANDER THE GREAT.'

1677.

The blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'worths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus, and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure;
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.

And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite;
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reversions are all begg'd before:
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd,
And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just, for fear of shame,
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself a way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes:
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
It shoots too fast and high to be express'd;
As his heroic worth struck Envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones who praise, while they accuse,
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse.

That humble style which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian, or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

TO THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE. 1680.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The seeds of arts and infant-science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advanc'd its head, in Grecian gardens nurst.
The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.
Nor stopt translation here: for, conquering Rome
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,
Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before;
Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,

With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art; and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden Age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
What rhyme, improv'd in all its height, can be;
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.
The French pursued their steps; and Britain, last,
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muses' empire is restor'd again,
In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finish'd poem—an Essay:
For all the needful rules are scatter'd here,
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear.
Nor need those rules to give translation light;
His own example is a flame so bright,
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.
How much, in him, may rising Ireland boast;
How much, in gaining him, has Britain lost!
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
That here his conquering ancestors were nurst,
And Ireland but translated England first:
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight;

A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain the' inglorious praise of art!
Great generals thus, descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the soldiers' hand.
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer[1]!
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves!
When these translate, and teach translators too,
Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
Roscommon writes; to that auspicious hand,
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscommon! whom both court and camps commend;
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend:
Roscommon! first in fields of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
Who both Minervas justly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:
Our English palace opens wide in state,
And, without stooping, they may pass the gate.

[1] The Earl of Mulgrave.

TO

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one;
Methinks all climes should be alike,
From Tropic e'en to Pole Artic;
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state;
And both to wives and husbands show
The vigour of a Plenipo.
Like mighty missioner you come
Ad partes infidelium.
A work of wondrous merit sure,
So far to go, so much to' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity,
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor, dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear:
What region of the earth's so dull,
That is not of your labours full?

Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left, by Fate's decree,
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st through forms with as much ease
As the French King through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs represent.
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To show the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhenish rummers walk the round;
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is sunk,
That pays to make his Envoy drunk,
These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
Suit not, I know, your English taste;
For wine to leave a whore, or play,
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were—your Excellence;
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all, but sleeping.
Now, if you top in form, and treat,
'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat;
The fine you pay—for being great.
Nay, here's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the Court's petition,

That, setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font denied,
You would be pleas'd, in humble way,
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negociation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,—
'The Duke St. Aignon made a play.'
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a Farce;
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began;
But scribble faster, if you can:
For yet, no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.

TO THE

DUCHESS OF YORK,

ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The Queen of Beauty and the Court of Love,
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when banish'd Man it mourn'd.

Love was no more, when Loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the Sun and he had lost their way.
But now the' illustrious Nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no storm,
Foreflow'd her passage to behold her form.
Some cried, 'a Venus!' some, 'a Thetis past!'
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heavens become serene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love, restor'd, his ancient realms surveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit;
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cyntha's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church and tear the state;

No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love;
Discord, like that of music's various parts;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the Duke, and serve the King!

TO MY FRIEND,

MR. JOHN NORTHLEIGH,

AUTHOR OF 'THE PARALLEL:' ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY, 1685.

So Joseph, yet a youth, expounded well
The boding dream, and did the' event foretel;
Judg'd by the past, and drew the parallel.
Thus early Solomon the truth explor'd,
The right awarded, and the babe restor'd.
Thus Daniel, ere to prophecy he grew,
The perjur'd presbyters did first subdue,
And freed Susanna from the canting crew.
Well may our monarchy triumphant stand,
While warlike James protects both sea and land;
And, under covert of his seven-fold shield,
Thou send'st thy shafts to scour the distant field.
By law thy powerful pen has set us free;
Thou study'st that, and that may study thee.

TO MR. SOUTHERN,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED 'THE WIVES' EXCUSE.' 1692.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit;
And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
The Spanish Nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show;
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be, thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
But rest secure the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
With such good manners as the wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting; such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen as well as read,
Copy one living author and one dead:

The standard of thy style let Etherege be;
For wit, the' immortal spring of Wycherly:
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the state opprest,
They durst not rail; perhaps they lash'd, at least,
And turn'd them out of office—with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of Common-law;
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And satire is our court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile, in spite of all his zeal;
An art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd!
For not to wish, is not to be deceiv'd.

Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And, when 'tis compass'd, leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end o'th' staff,
Why should I help the' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them who get the day;
They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myself of that disease,
Nor will I be provok'd—but when I please;
But let me half that cure to you restore,
You gave the salve, I laid it to the sore.
Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.
If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

TO MY

DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED 'THE DOUBLE DEALER.'

1694.

Well then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.

Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art endued,
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in skill, we lost in strength.
Our builder's were with want of genius curs'd;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise:
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit;
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege's courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd;
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.
But let 'em not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophecy,—thou shalt be seen
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of Wit; and seated there,
Not mine, (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakspeare gave as much: she could not give him more!

Maintain your post, that's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the' ungrateful stage.
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his Providence:
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my Remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!

Let not the' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you;
And take for tribute what these lines express;
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

TO MR. GRANVILLE[1],

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED 'HEROIC LOVE.' 1698.

Auspicious Poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I must commend?
But since 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and withering age submit,
With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel, then; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the Town,
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.

[1] Afterwards Lord Lansdown.

Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miscal—reviving.
Our sense is nonsense through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made,
'Tis so disguis'd in death: nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own sire, the chief invited guest.
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted what they could not spoil.
Their setting-sun still shoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay;
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.
This difference yet the judging world will see,
Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED 'BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.'

1698.

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in such an age
As damns not only poets, but the stage.
That sacred art, by Heaven itself infus'd,
Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd,
Is now to be no more. The Muses' foes
Would sink their Makers' praises into prose.

Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would submit; for all but fools will mend:
But when to common sense they give the lie,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal, and the wise discern
Their glosses teach an age too apt to learn.
What I have loosely or profanely writ,
Let them to fires (their due desert) commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain;
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worse than witchcraft they pursued;
The pulpit preach'd the crime the people rued.
The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would see
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us first reform, and then so live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at least, we may divide,
Humility reward, and punish pride;
Ambition, interest, avarice accuse;
These are the province of a Tragic Muse.
These hast thou chosen; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
That e'en Cornëille might with envy see
The' alliance of his tripled unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone:
At least but two can that good crime commit.
Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.

Let thy own Gauls condemn thee if they dare,
Contented to be thinly regular.
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much,
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with allay.
But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the best.
In under-praising thy deserts I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue;
Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
So great a poet, and so good a friend.

TO MY

HONOURED KINSMAN, JOHN DRYDEN,

OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

How bless'd is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age?
All who deserve his love he makes his own,
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,
From your award, to wait their final doom,
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost you terminate the cause,
And save the' expense of long litigious laws;
Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone.
Such are not your decrees; but, so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind,
Like your own soul, serene, a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight;
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were curst:
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two:
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So farther from the fount the stream at random stray'd.
How could he stand, when, put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain?
Each might have stood perhaps; but, each alone!
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
Thus have you shun'd, and shun the married state,
Trusting as little as you can—to Fate.
No porter guards the passage of your door,
To' admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;

For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son a blessing brought:
The first-begotten had his father's share,
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your stores and fruitful fields increase,
And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.
As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As Heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew;
So, free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel-host.
With crowds attended, of your ancient race,
You seek the champion sports or silvan chase:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
E'en then industrious of the common good;
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chas'd e'en amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd;
You season still with sports your serious hours;
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round,
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were plac'd,
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.

So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain:
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from Art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons[1] but guesses, nor is sure to save;
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave,
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muse.
Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn[2] with thy soul.

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.

The tree of Knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:

[1] Dr. W. Gibbons succeeded Ratcliffe as physician to Queen Anne, and died March 25, 1728.

[2] The Rev. Luke Milbourn wrote notes on Dryden's Virgil, &c. and died April 15, 1720.

O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of Life!
Now both are lost; yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of humankind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find:
The' apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells, and by destruction lives.
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey, and let the learn'd prescribe,
That men may die without a double bribe;
Let them, but under their superiors, kill,
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill:
He 'scapes the best who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health for your own private use,
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns, and none can better bear,
Where could they find another form'd so fit
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit?
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well-born and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court;
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor, grudging, give what public needs require.

Part must be left, a fund, when foes invade,
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.
Good senators (and such as you) so give,
That kings may be supplied, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys,
But on our native strength in time of need relies.
Munster was bought; we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to last;
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.
Observe the war in every annual course;
What has been done was done with British force.
Namur subdued—is England's palm alone;
The rest besieg'd, but we constrain'd the town.
We saw the' event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the peace;
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought;
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight;
Themselves their own mortality confess'd,
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.

E'en victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful die again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success,
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country serves,
Prerogative and privilege preserves;
Of each our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand,
The barriers of the state on either hand;
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode,
Like those that water'd once the paradise of God.
Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
In peace, the people; and the prince, in war:
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole Dictator sway'd.
Patriots in peace assert the people's right,
With noble stubbornness resisting might;
No lawless mandates from the Court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire; free to grant,
In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's want;
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against his laws;
And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And sham'd Oppression till it set him free.
O true descendent of a patriot line! [thine,
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them

Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see,
'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee;
The beauties to the' original I owe,
Which when I miss, my own defects I show.
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in every race:
Two of a house few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd,
And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last:
For ev'n when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to Heaven, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, Verse preserves the fame.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Once I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;
But, smiling, said, 'She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.'
Such are thy pictures, Kneller; such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.

At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but privations of the light,
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvas came
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy nobler work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of Art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;
Ere canvas yet was stain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress-tablets first receiv'd a face.
By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;
And then the mimic-piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring, on remoter objects play'd;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive;
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface:
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began to' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate:
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the Sister Arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep;
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line;
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both: where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join,
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest;
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives,
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight;

Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics in the' attempt are lost;
When most they rail, know then they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth,
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But, oh, the painter-muse, though last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound,
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadst thy Charles awhile, and so had I;
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine,
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Though Nature there her true resemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill,
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place:

The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own.
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations, all immunities, will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
And not seven cities, but the world, would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
When first you were conducted to this isle:
Our Genius brought you here, to' enlarge our fame;
For your good stars are every where the same.
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee the' examples of their wondrous art,
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what, in Nature's dawn, the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song, or senseless opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to History.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live:
Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give;
And they who pay the taxes bear the rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool;
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest!
Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place;
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
With every various character exprest:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew;
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.
More cannot be by mortal Art exprest;
But venerable Age shall add the rest:
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand,
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint,
Add every grace which Time alone can grant;
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

PROLOGUES.

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE

KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and, their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you, the founders, make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside, Fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare;
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn;
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.

But as our new-built City rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great Metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

SPOKEN AT THE

OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE,

MARCH 26, 1674.

A PLAIN-BUILT house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfied away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit (since we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.
They who are by your favours wealthy made
With mighty sums, may carry on the trade:

We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to support their vast expense,
Who build and treat with such magnificence;
That, like the' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less:
But only fools, and they of vast estate,
The' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainness may be justly proud:
Our Royal Master will'd it should be so;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show:
That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse, while you throw down plays;
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain;
While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at those upon whose alms they live;
Old English authors vanish, and give place
To these new conquerors of the Norman race:
More tamely than your fathers you submit;
You're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.

Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not prophesy our House's fate;
But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd—
That as a fire the former House o'erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the New.

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

1674.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

Poets, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
To' unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind:
When, tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,
And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to pratice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of crystal show'd the great.

Blest, sure, are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind;
Content to see, and shun those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit;
That Shakspeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim
May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muses so severe are worshipp'd here,
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the' offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shown:
And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most.
Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
Debas'd ev'n to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make:
But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power transcends,
As what *should be* beyond what *is* extends.

TO CIRCE.

BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear:
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.
The sex, that best does pleasure understand,
Will always choose to err on the' other hand.
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right:
Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of some slighted maid.
Shakspeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.
'Tis miracle to see a first good play:
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
Who still looks lean, sure with some p—x is curst;
But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
That he may get more bulk before he dies;
He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

BY N. LEE, 1680.

THE' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself, or whore, is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the City swarms;
From Leaden-hall to Ludgate is in arms.
Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish, with a yawning face:
You sleep o'er wit, and, by my troth, you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
One theatre there is of vast resort,
Which, whilom, of Requests was call'd the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.

So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment still is fed
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By smelling a perfume, to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade so known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible—as is the Chair.
But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks;
The Pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

TO SOPHONISBA.

AT OXFORD, 1680.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country-wakes sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustris vixisse poëmata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace, in some page,
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage;
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,

Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your Heathen-wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:
Your poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
And worst, the author of the Oxford Bells:
Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
E'en in our first original,—a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a stone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be suppress'd,
Rags of the Whore, and trappings of the Beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief supporters of the Triple crown;
And Aristotle's for destruction ripe;
Some say, he call'd the soul an Organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should write,
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The rest may satisfy their curious itch
With city Gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or see, what's worse, the Devil and the Pope.

The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
The style of Forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like Forty-eight.
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest:
Therefore, thin nourishment or Farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muse;
A meal of Tragedy would make you sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.
Some scenes in sippets would be worth your time;
Those would go down; some love that's poach'd
in rhyme:
If these should fail——
We must lie down, and after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost:
While you turn players on the world's great stage,
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

The fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
Records, that when our wit and sense is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,

In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
Whate'er the story be, the moral's true;
The wit we lost in Town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense.
When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senates, to the' old cause inclin'd,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their last provision here:
Whereas, we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carried back nor brought one cross.
We look'd what Representatives would bring,
But they help'd us just as they did the King.
Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth
The sibyls' books to those who know their worth;
And though the first was sacrific'd before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,
Where brooding Darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow;
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And stars grow paler at the' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun:
The surly, savage offspring disappear,
Aud curse the bright successor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay, with seeming innocence;
That crafty kind with day-light can dispense.
Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place.
Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd:
Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisy too loud.
Let them be first to flatter in success;
Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.
Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
To make their solemn show at Heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Come cap in hand, when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue.

A tyrant's power in rigour is exprest;
The father yearns in the true prince's breast,
We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend:
But most are babes that know not they offend.
The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
Are clouds that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs, they storms of hailstones pour.
Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear;
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heaven, that could constrain us to obey,
(With reverence, if we might presume to say)
Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway;
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

BY J. BANKS, 1682.

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN, AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

When first the ark was landed on the shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw,
The dove was sent to view the waves' decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needless to apply, when those appear
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.

We have before our eyes the Royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of Love:
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye Powers, why should vain man pursue,
With endless toil, each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true?
Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Must England still the scene of changes be,
Tost, and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?
Must still our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
Of which our present age is not secure?
All that our Monarch would for us ordain,
Is but to' enjoy the blessings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preserve our state of innocence:
That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.
What civil broils have cost we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell;
And every heart conspire, and every tongue,
Still to have such a King, and this King long.

TO

THE LOYAL BROTHER;

OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

BY SOUTHERN, 1682.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
Till Critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: Critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!) hate.
The Critic humbly seems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig, petitions to the King:
But one's advice into a satire slides;
T'other's petition a remonstrance hides.
These will no taxes give, and those no pence;
Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The Critic all our troops of friends discards;
Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.
Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,
Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please;
And that would be till next Queen Bess's night,
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmund Bury first, in woful wise,
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé, does retire.

But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years,
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore,
For few take pity on an old cast whore.
The devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part,
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart,
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and, with a loud huzza,
The mitred puppet from his chair they draw:
On the slain corpse contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor Pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring;
And next (for fashion) cry, 'God save the King.'
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but still the Devil ends.
What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should call,
'Come, let's go cry—God save him, at Whitehall?'
His best friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the safer for this prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

TO THE

DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

Our play's a parallel: the holy league
Begot our covenant: Guisards got the Whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance
Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France;
And when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.
Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?
It looks as if the devil were grown dull,
Or serv'd us up in scorn, his broken meat,
And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
The fulsome covenant, one would think, in reason,
Had given us all our bellies full of treason:
And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation
Chaws its own excrement, the' association.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their poisoning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play:
Besides, your drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true protestant can never fail,
With that compendious instrument—a flail.
Go on: and bite, e'en though the hook is bare;
Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:
Once more decide religion by the sword;
And purchase for us a new tyrant-lord.
Pray for your king; but yet your purses spare;
Make him not two-pence richer by your prayer.
To show you love him much, chastise him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Push him to wars, but still no pence advance;
Let him lose England, to recover France.

Cry freedom up, with popular noisy votes;
And get enough to cut each others' throats.
Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
A noise was made of arbitrary sway;
But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way
An arbitrary duty now to pay.
Let his own servants turn, to save their stake;
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forsake;
But let some Judas near his person stay,
To swallow the last sop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the crown:
A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.
Let ignoramus-juries find no traitors;
And ignoramus-poets scribble satires.
And, that your meaning none may fail to scan,
Do, what in coffee-houses you began,
Pull down the master, and set up the man.

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,
Athenian judges! you this day renew.
Here, too, are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.

A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where ev'n the best are but by mercy free:
A day which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to see.
Here they, who long have known the useful stage,
Come to be taught themselves, to teach the age.
As your commissioners, our poets go
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,
And delegated thence to humankind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The' illiterate writer, emp'ric-like, applies
To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance remedies:
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care the' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that Nature which is Ignorance.
To such a fame let mere Town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own Cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.

He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the senate's hands;
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Discord and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
Our House has suffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed depart-
And, of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted, [ed,
To Edinborough gone, or coach'd, or carted:
With bonny Bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in English threepence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,
There, with a single person, fills the scene:
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Div'd here—old woman, and rose there—a maid.
Our trusty door-keepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to drugget suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute;
And that which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:

Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might, perhaps, a new rebellion bring;
The Scot who wore it would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Irish action, slander'd English wit;
You have beheld such barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a second massacre;
Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place where Wit can never starve.

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Though actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it we admire it most;
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to Wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those who touch upon the golden shore;
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take;
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether the' applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop-gallants, or our City-folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:

We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praise.
Judge then if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot,
Knows what should justly please, and what should not;
Nature herself lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But, by the sacred Genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic Grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets thither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome;
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who, with religion, loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

TO

THE DISAPPOINTMENT:

OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

BY SOUTHERN, 1684.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

How comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you still with want of sensé,
All prologues treat you at your own expense?
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you so:
They, in good manners, seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with—Ladyship:
But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights.
Our Author, young, and grateful in his nature,
Vows that from him no nymph deserves a satire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker
To call men fools:—'tis railing at their Maker.
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf;
He's young enough to be a fop himself;
And if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.
Your nurses, we presume, in such a case
Your father chose, because he lik'd the face,
And often they supplied your mother's place.
The dry-nurse was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.

Betwixt them both, for milk and sugar-candy,
Your sucking bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your discourse,
Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse,
But was prevented by each careful nurse.
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I pass your schools; for there, when first you came,
You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:
Thence, come to Town, you practise play, to know
The virtues of the high dice and the low:
Each thinks himself a sharper most profound;
He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.
With these perfections, and what else he gleans,
The sparks set up for love behind our scenes,
Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires some homely room, Love's fruits to gather,
And, garret-high, rebels against his father:
But he once dead———
Brings her in triumph, with her portion down,
A toilet, dressing-box, and half-a-crown.
Some marry first, and then they fall to scouring,
Which is refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good nature,
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature;
But while abroad so liberal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
Last, some there are who take their first degrees
Of lewdness in our middle galleries:

The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk;
They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus, while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
They make it bawdier than a Conventicle.

TO THE

KING AND QUEEN,

UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1686.

Since Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny-scribes take care to' inform the nation
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associator's:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New-Englands more.

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?—
Only thus much; that we have left our station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The factious natives never could agree,
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those playhouse-whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealousies create,
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling;
For seldom comes there better—of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd Charter.

But, since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em;
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can write 'em.

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumor,
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer;
No dull fat fool, shamm'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of them such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've given you tragedies all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful metre dying:—
Thus 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we will hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither;
Whig-poets and Whig-sheriffs may hang together.

TO

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

BY N. LEE, 1689.

Ladies! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
I long to whisper something in your ear;
A secret which does much my mind perplex;—
There's treason in the play, against our sex:
A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats,
And kisses every living thing he meets;
A rogue in mode, (I dare not speak too broad)
One that does something to the very bawd.
Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast;
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest:
None of them stick at mark; they all deceive;
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults, they rap out oaths, and tear:
Now, though we lie, we're too well-bred to swear,
So we compound for half the sin we owe,
But men are dipt for soul and body too;
And when found out, excuse themselves, pox cant ['em,
With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet amantum.*
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I suspect 'tis Latin for—a rogue.
I'm sure I never heard that screech-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears, but separation follow'd.

How can such perjur'd villains e'er be saved?
Achitophel's not half so false to David;
With vows and soft expressions to allure,
They stand, like foreman of a shop, demure:
No sooner out of sight but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a-padding.
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,
We can perceive the ready money missing.
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good ev'n wink;
Something we find, and something they will sink:
But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

TO

THE WIDOW RANTER.

BY MRS. BEHN, 1690.

Heaven save ye, Gallants, and this hopeful age,
You're welcome to the downfal of the stage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cause ne'er fails; for whatsoe'er he spends,
There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean time, poor Wit prohibited must lie,
As if 'twere made some French commodity.

Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expense,
And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was when none would cry, 'That oaf was me;'
But now you strive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a miss of more than half the Town:
Each one will challenge a child's part at least;
A sign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supplied so fast with English breed.
Well! flourish, Countrymen; drink, swear, and roar,
Let every free-born subject keep his whore,
And, wandering in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you see these pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or single share;
For where the punk is common, he's a sot
Who needs will father what the parish got.

TO

ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA.

REVIVED BY LODOWIC CARLELL, ESQ. SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

With sickly actors, and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new;
And with our ale-house scenes, and clothes bare worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn,
If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;

Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh, and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
Send lackeys early, to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them: they are French.
Therefore, some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding;
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest,
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay;
To teach us English were to clap the play:
Civil, i'gad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand;
Mean time we languish and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good nature.

TO

THE PROPHETESS.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. REVIVED BY DRYDEN. SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

What Nostradame, with all his art, can guess,
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?
A play which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains, and those uncertain too:

A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow sated ere the second sight.
False men! e'en so you serve your mistresses;
They rise three stories in their towering dress,
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo-blade,
Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn,
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return,
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes,
Men without hearts, and women without hose.
Each bring his love, a Bogland captive, home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights;
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright Beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake.

When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious presence grace our play,
And with a sigh their empty seats survey:
Then think—on that bare bench my servant sat;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd Dumb-founding.
Their loss with patience we will try to bear,
And would do more to see you often here,
That our dead stage, reviv'd, by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may rise.

TO

THE MISTAKES.

BY JOSEPH HARRIS, COMEDIAN, 1690.

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience; here is honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something

like one. O, here he comes to his trial, at all adventures. For my part, I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret in my belly.
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting;
And if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork.
But for this—play (which, till I have done we show not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ;
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets;
His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets:
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself.
By this time, I'm something recover'd of my fluster'd madness;
And now a word or two in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half-a-crown.

You'll say, I play the pimp on my friend's score;
But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er;
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this? you cry, an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakspeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd?
But Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd.
Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt is all our business here:
So much for that;—and the devil take small beer.

PROLOGUE.

Gallants, a bashful poet bids me say,
He's come to lose his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of age,
And ne'er, till how, debauch'd upon the stage.
He wants the suffering part of resolution,
And comes with blushes to his execution.
Ere you deflower his Muse, he hopes the pit
Will make some settlement upon his wit.
Promise him well, before the play begin,
For he would fain be cozen'd into sin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail;
To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new Deserters' bill.

Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we see,
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook;
Theirs are not the first colours you forsook.
He would be loth the beauties to offend,
But, if he should, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing,
But his friend swears—he will be worth the rearing.
His gloss is still upon him; though 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is best;
There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is little,
Though not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle:
So this green writer may pretend, at least,
To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
He makes this difference in the sexes too;
He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
To both he would contribute some delight,
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equip'd, both to be woo'd and woo,
With arms offensive, and defensive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

TO

ALBUMAZAR.

To say this comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now;
Yet, Gentlemen, your ancestors had wit,
When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ:
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this,
As the best model of his master-piece.

Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That alchymist by this astrologer;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
He lik'd the fashion well who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word;
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their possession call:
Who, like old padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day:
Nay, scarce the common ceremony use
Of 'Stand, Sir, and deliver up your muse;'
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road:
Yet it were modest, could it but be said
They strip the living, but these rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim some part,
They have the licence, though they want the art;
And might, where theft is prais'd, for laureats stand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand:
They make the benefits of other's studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-pudding,
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has spit i'the' porridge.

But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiss;
For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
And durst not steal, unless you pleas'd to wink.
Perhaps you may award, by your decree,
They should refund; but that can never be;
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else would steal.

TO

THE PILGRIM.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite;
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe,
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet worse, their brother-poets damn the play,
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character—'That's I.'
He who writes letters to himself, would swear
The world forgot him if he was not there.
What should a poet do? 'tis hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that would be shown;
And yet not two in ten will pass the Town.
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop than fops can find.
Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our Universities,
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he play'd the fool, and writ three books;

But if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He must be more a fool, and write again;
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot.
His Man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and 'as poor as Job!'
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog:
There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule;
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha,
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal-Hopkins yet to come.
  But when, if, after all, this godly geer
Is not so senseless as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry-Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the sects to draw them in again.
At leisure hours in epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.
  Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day
To get himself a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we should arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

FOR THE WOMEN,

WHEN THEY ACTED AT THE OLD THEATRE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

WERE none of you, Gallants, e'er driv'n so hard,
As when the poor kind soul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in some by-street
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our case; we can't appoint our house
The lover's old and wonted rendezvous,
But hither to this trusty nook remove;
The worst the lodging is, the more the love:
For much good pastime, many a dear sweet hug,
Is stol'n in garrets, on the humble rug.
Here's good accommodation in the pit;
The grave demurely in the midst may sit,
And so the hot Burgundian on the side
Ply vizard mask, and o'er the benches stride:
Here are convenient upper-boxes, too,
For those that make the most triumphant show;
All that keep coaches must not sit below.
There, Gallants, you betwixt the acts retire,
And at dull plays have something to admire;
We, who look up, can your addresses mark,
And see the creatures coupled in the ark:
So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits,
The gaudy house with scenes will serve for cits.

EPILOGUES.

SPOKEN AT THE

OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE,

MARCH 26, 1674.

THOUGH what our prologue said was sadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely house is new;
A charm that seldom fails with wicked you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Though she's no lady, you may think her such:
A strong imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white Vallancy-wig,
Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit;
Whose favours, like the sun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul;
So may your hats your foretops never press,
Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your dress;
So may you slowly to old age advance,
And have the' excuse of youth for ignorance;
So may Fop-corner full of noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight-scourings happy prove,
And morning-batteries force your way to love;

So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each others' swords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When sober rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can some merit plead,
And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd streets, and long dark winter-nights;
The Flanders-horses from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad:
The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff
Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
Though in their house the poets' heads appear,
We hope we may presume their wits are here.
The best which they reserv'd they now will play;
For, like kind cuckolds, though we' have not the way
To please, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they should fail, for last recruits we breed
A troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed;
You know the French sure cards, in time of need.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY

THE LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH,

WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain,
I'll now assume my native shape again:
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.

State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.
'Tis here that sovereign power admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit, in peace—the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna which hot-brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize;
And, in its happy leisure, sit and see
The promises of more felicity;
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning-rays like noontide strike and shine,
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

TO

THE MAN OF MODE:

OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem not of Heaven's making, but their own.
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry—
'I vow, methinks he's pretty company:
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graft upon his kind.'
True fops help Nature's work, and go to school
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o'the' shire, and represents you all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes.
And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow.
His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.

Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which, with a shog, casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,
These, sure, he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

TO

MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

BY N. LEE, 1678.

YOY'VE seen a pair of faithful lovers die;
And much you care; for most of you will cry,
"'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.'
For, Heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage:
And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays;
A cursed sign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent desire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our sex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman 'tis of subtle interest made:
Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!
She first did Wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold,
But glorious beauty is not to be sold;

Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way,
And women fight, like Switsers, for their pay.

TO

A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

BY MR. SAUNDERS.

Ladies, the beardless author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play:
A woman-wit has often grac'd the stage,
But he's the first boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus, peeping through the snow.
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
Youth with the fair should always favour find,
Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should Hag and Greybeard make such tender moan,
Faith you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves alone,
And cry, 'Let's go, here's nothing to be done.'
Since love's our business, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who best can practise, best can write.

What though he be not come to his full power,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You sly she-jockeys of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made;
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
And always fails you at the second heat.

FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
But just peep up, and then pop down again.
Let those who call us wicked change their sense;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a vacation-whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three last ungiving Parliaments:
So wretched, that if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean kine,
And chang'd his vision for the Muses Nine.
The comet that, they say, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from playhouse-earth;
Pent there since our last fire, and (Lilly says)
Foreshows our change of state, and thin third-days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor,
For then the printers' press would suffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit;
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
Confess the truth; which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?

Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
Democritus' Wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the Town.
Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes;
Ye' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.
Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wise,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis just like children, when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for shame;
Let each knight-errant who has wrong'd a dame
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

TO

THE LOYAL BROTHER:

OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

1682.

A VIRGIN poet was serv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy;
But, like a girl, whom several would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The King's House would instruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one: I wish no more;
A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.

Let husband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory still.
If any factious spirit should rebel,
Our sex, with ease, can every rising quell.
Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,
An honest jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They save dull culprits who have murder'd sense.
Though nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.
Faction in play's the Commonwealth-man's bribe,
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Though void in payment laws and statutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis Faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Theirs is the pension-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis safe in its own element.
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
In one poor isle why should two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can see:
In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land:
If places fell, the party could not stand.
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains;
They grunt like hogs, till they have got their grains.
Mean time, you see what trade our plots advance;
We send each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandise we need,
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.

TO

THE DUKE OF GUISE.

1683.

SPOKEN BY MRS. COOKE.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost;
And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all;
They took no single aim ———
But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes: but when the cause is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters, right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can ———
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind;
And fight, like boys, with one hand tied behind.
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous nice
To cry 'box fair'—and give him time to rise.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you the'inviting wink, stand shall I, shall I?
A trimmer cried (that heard me tell the story)
'Fie, Mistress Cooke; faith, you're too rank a Tory.

Wish not Whigs hang'd; but pity their hard cases;
You women love to see men make wry faces.'—
'Pray Sir, (said I) don't think me such a Jew:
I say no more—but give the devil his due.'
'Lenitives (says he) suit best with our condition.'—
'Jack Ketch (says I) 's an excellent physician.'
'I love no blood.'—'Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.'—
'We trimmers are for holding all things even.'
'Yes:—just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.'—
'Have we not had men's lives enough already?'
'Yes sure—but you're for holding all things steady.'
Now, since the weight hangs all on our side, brother,
You trimmers should, to poise it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF 'THE SILENT WOMAN.'

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from the' infected Town.
Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French-troop first swept all things in its way;
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay:
Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
The' Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace.
Instead of wit and humour, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight:
Stout Scaramoucha with rush-lance rode in,
And ran a-tilt at Centaur-Harlequin.
For love, you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monster shown you for a play:
But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb,
Those wicked engines, call'd Machines, are come,
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And, shortly, scenes in Lapland will be laid;

Art-magic is for poetry profest;
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the Town;
Fletcher's despis'd, your Jonson's out of fashion,
And wit—the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;
By you those staple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their scenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and say—their price is rais'd.

SPOKEN AT OXFORD.

BY MRS. MARSHALL.

Oft has our poet wish'd—this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat!
I wonder'd at his wish;—but now I find
He sought for quiet, and content of mind,
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades, like laurels, grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And Age, returning thence, concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess;
Teaching e'en you, (while the vext world we show)
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last;

For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:
Bathurst! a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here:
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

TO

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

BY N. LEE, 1683.

Our hero's happy in the play's conclusion;
The holy rogue at last has met confusion:
Though Arius all along appear'd a saint,
The last act show'd him a true Protestant.
Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports, that after all these plots and slaughters,
The court of Constantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.

They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clause was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they possest before,
And most were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as saying, 'Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.'
Indeed, there were a sort of peaking tools;
Some call them modest, but I call them fools,
Men much more loyal, though not half so loud;
But these poor devils were cast behind the crowd:
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.
Besides all these, there were a sort of weights,
(I think my author calls them Tekelites)
Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,
They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cause: [aw'd,
When their own damn'd design was quash'd and
At least, they gave it their good word abroad:
As many a man who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his bastard, not to noise his wife.
Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers cry,
And though they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it 'prentice to Count Tekely.
They believe not the last plot; may I be curst,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.
No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man, that makes it, never smells the stink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well.
The original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues for every true believer;

And, which was more than mortal men e'er tasted,
One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted:
To turn for this may surely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heaven?

TO

THE KING AND QUEEN,

UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES, 1686.

New ministers, when first they get in place,
Must have a care to please; and that's our case:—
Some laws for public welfare we design,
If you, the power supreme, will please to join.
There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit:
These noisy Sirs so loud their parts rehearse,
That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.
But stay; methinks some vizard-mask I see
Cast out her lure from the mid gallery:
About her all the fluttering sparks are rang'd;
The noise continues, though the scene is chang'd:
Now growling, sputtering, wauling, such a clutter,
'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter.
Fine love, no doubt; but ere two days are o'er ye,
The surgeon will be told a woful story.
Let Vizard-Mask her naked face expose,
On pain of being thought to want a nose.

Then for your lackeys, and your train beside,
By whate'er name or title dignified,
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of Bears:
They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters;
We've none so great, but their unpaying masters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men, that they
Would please to give you leave to hear the play.
Next, in the playhouse spare your precious lives;
Think, like good Christians, on your bairns and wives:
Think on your souls; but, by your lugging forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.
If none of these will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
Alas! our women are but washy toys,
And wholly taken up in stage-employs:
Poor willing tits they are; but yet, I doubt,
This double duty soon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care;
What if my Lady's page should find you there?
My Lady knows to' a tittle what there's in ye;
No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short
Our grievances, from country, town, and court,
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;
But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

TO THE

PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

1689.

A QUALM of conscience brings me back again,
To make amends to you bespatter'd men.
We women love like cats, that hide their joys
By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise.
I rail'd at wild young sparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And squandering shows, at least, a noble heart.
I've heard of men who, in some lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend to make their valour known.
That accusation straight this question brings,
What is the man that does such naughty things?
The spaniel-lover, like a sneaking fop,
Lies at our feet: he's scarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, such heroes in a play go far;
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men such vile, such faint petitions make,
We fear to give, because they fear to take.
Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd:
When men usurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of supererogation—
We show'd a princess in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: but I should much abhor
To choose a husband for my confessor.

You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial-school.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.
True Presbyterian-wives the means would try,
But damn'd confessing—is flat Popery.

TO HENRY II.

BY MR. MOUNTFORT, 1693. SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;
But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver;
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
Now tell me, Gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain-lecture, or the curtain-love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife:
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
I guess your minds: the mistress would be taken,
And nauseous Matrimony sent a-packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left i'the' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.

Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of Ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small perquisites I have beside.
Though for your love, perhaps, I should not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might ensue 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poison that would make me swell.

EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly tried,
And, without doubt, you're hugely edified;
For, like our hero, whom we show'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of show;
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow;
But 'twas—Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now some small chat, and guinea-expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation.
In comedy your little selves you meet;
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-Street.
Smile on our author then, if he has shown
A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
Who act those follies poets toil to write!

The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To some new frisk of contrariety.
You roll like snow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get seven devils when dispossess'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But every inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face.
For sins like these the zealous of the land,
With little hair and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.
Saturn e'en now takes doctoral degrees,
He'll do your work this summer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah! preserve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit-confounders, let them go,
And find as little mercy as they show:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For every critic sav'd, thou damn'st a play.

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace.

Nor is the puny Poet void of care;
For authors, such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to spare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce one
But has as little as the very Parson:
Both say they preach and write for your instruction;
But 'tis for a third-day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day:
But with the Parson 'tis another case,
He, without holiness, may rise to grace.
The Poet has one disadvantage more,
That if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment:
Wit's not his business, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose,
For you like nothing now—but nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, Gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his Beauship says, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears.
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress and monstrous muff.
The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope
He should equip the stage with such a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools arise;
For though the' immortal species never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
One fool for millions that he left behind.

TO

THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the parson[1] stretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you that this very moral age
Receiv'd the first infection from the stage:
But, sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd, (as vice by great example thrives)
It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The poets, who must live by courts, or starve,
Were proud so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profest,
Took all the' ungodly pains, and got the least.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The sin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd,
Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and close devotion.

[1] Probably the Rev. Jeremy Collier; with whom Dryden had carried on an offensive and defensive paper-war.

I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now they would silence us, and shut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.
Yet if you can but bear the present stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you say, if we should first begin
To stop the trade of love behind the scene,
Where actresses make bold with married men?
For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
In short we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work: there will be some remains,
While you have still your Oates, and we our Haynes.

SONGS.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair:

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes; oh! there's the spell;
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

1680.

CLARENDON had law and sense,
  Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
  Help'd to support the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
  'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
  When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence!
  What would these madmen have?
First they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
  And without power enslave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
  Submit to servile shame,
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
  Which kings pretend to reign?

The Duke shall wield his conquering sword,
  The Chancellor make a speech,
The King shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
  And then—Come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

1687.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
'Arise, ye more than dead!'
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

The Trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms;
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms;
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark! the foe's come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining Flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred Organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees, uprooted, left their place,

Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
When to her Organ vocal breath was given;
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

THE

TEARS OF AMYNTA,

FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone:
From the cheerless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing, thus she made her moan:
'Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

'Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover;
Oh! so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of Nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses:
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

'Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore:
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.'

SONG.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breast:
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

'Ah!' she cried; 'ah, for a languishing maid,
In a country of Christians, to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,
To instruct a young virgin that is at a loss
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.'

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear;
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then show'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

THE LADIES' SONG.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds
in green;
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen:
But Phillis refus'd it, and sighing, did say,
'I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.'

'While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more;
The soft god of Pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires;
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

'Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the deity swore;
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.'

SONG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me;
As I, from thousand beauties more,
Distinguish you, and only you adore.
Your face for conquest was design'd;
Your every motion charms my mind;

Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
But when, at once, they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For, after dying, all reprieve's too late.

SONG.

High state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die;
So give up my game.

RONDELAY.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain;
Sighing to himself, and crying,
'Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!'

Sighing to himself, and crying,
'Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!'

'Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain:'
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that 'he lov'd in vain:'
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that 'he lov'd in vain:'
But repenting and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up, before his dying;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

SONG.

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live:
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid:
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress:
But, ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

TO

A FAIR YOUNG LADY,

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter-storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair!
She cast not back a pitying eye;
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

Great god of Love! why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

OF

A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER, AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[*Music within.*]

The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHIL. LOOK, look, I see—I see my love appear!
'Tis he—'tis he alone,
For like him there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man; 'tis thee, dear.
AMYNT. Hark! the winds war,
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so fair a light:
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is over-blown.
PHIL. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.
AMYNT. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*

PHIL. Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?
Now bless'd be the Powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.
AMYNT. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make sure of the cure,
Go call the man in black to mumble o'er his part.
PHIL. But suppose he should stay—
AMYNT. At worst if he delay,
'Tis a work must be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the sooner begun.
Chorus of both.] At worst if he delay, &c.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

UPON THE

DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

1649.

Must noble Hastings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family;
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding-sheet?
Must Virtue prove Death's harbinger? must she,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease, if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himself to discipline? who'd not esteem
Labour, a crime? study, self-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguist! whose worth speaks itself, whose praise,
Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise;
Than whom great Alexander may seem less,
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.

His native soil was the four parts o'the' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apostle, and (with reverence may
I speak't) inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his sublime soul
Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole;
Whose regular motions better to our view
Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
Scatter'd in others, all, as in their sphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul; and thence
Shone through his body with sweet influence,
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celestial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make
If thou this hero's altitude canst take:
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus astronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone,
More bright i'the' morn than others beam at noon,
He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a foul disease?
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds;
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge, but thus
Recall'd it, rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?

So many spots, like næves on Venus' soil,
One jewel set off with so many a foil;
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh did sprout
Like rose-buds, stuck i'the' lily-skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit;
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cabinet of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.
O! had he died of old, how great a strife
Had been, who from his death should draw their life?
Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were!
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An universal metempsychosis.
Must all these aged sires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had swol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name!
But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i'the' sprig; i'the' blade the corn;
Thus, without young, this phœnix dies, new-born.
Must then old three-leg'd grey-beards, with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for the' hospital!
Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal!
Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live
With such helps as broths, possets, physic give?
None live but such as should die? shall we meet
With none but ghostly Fathers in the street?

Grief makes me rail; sorrow will force its way,
And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.
But thou, O Virgin-widow! left alone,
Now thy belov'd, heaven-ravish'd, spouse is gone,
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
The' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe the' original in new copies; give
Hastings o'the' better part: so shall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandsire be
Of an heroic, divine progeny;
An issue which to' eternity shall last,
Yet but the' irradiations which he cast.
Erect no mausoleums; for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

OB. 1683.

Farewell, too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call—my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out the soonest did arrive.

Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend perform'd and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might, what Nature never gives the young,
Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue:
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still show'd a quickness; and maturing Time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
But ah, too short Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

ODE

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY,

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last promotion of the bless'd;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:

Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heaven!

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less, to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein,
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore;

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill, or mend, the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say that, at thy birth, [earth?
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy bless'd fraternity of love [above.
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
To' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?

What can we say to' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want supply;
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus, with his lamp, were there.
E'en love, for love sometimes her Muse exprest,
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast,
Light as the vapours of a morning-dream;
So cold herself, while she such warmth express'd,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.

A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify the' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence;
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large domains which the dumb sister sway'd;
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went:
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The silvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains, and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too, and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, show'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins, too, of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial King the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content to' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix-queen was pourtray'd, too, so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As, in that day, she took the crown from sacred hands,
Before a train of heroines was seen
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the Queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd Heaven only knows:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep, at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,

And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda died:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate:
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Mean time, her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star;
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of Fate,
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake, and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred Poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;

And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint! before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

UPON THE

DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

Oh, last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell! who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON[1].

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands, with which you honoured me some months ago, are now performed: they had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and

1 Eleonora, eldest daughter and sole heir of Sir Henry Lee, Bart. She became the wife of James, first Earl of Abingdon, and died May 31, 1691. See *Malone's Dryden.*

heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late, than ill; if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck, but have only gained a rock by hard swimming, where I may pant awhile and gather breath: for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease[2] never took its leave of any man but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock which age has left me to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist; which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes, which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had

[2] The gout.

I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And, on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound, by prescription, to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches, on these pinions, out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or seen my Lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him; which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such

features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I among the rest) that his own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to him; though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, (the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation) acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric, which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was that I once intended to have called this poem *The Pattern;* and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and *Eleonora* is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your Lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who

despise the rules of virtue, both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon to have been so truly loved by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers by a real and lasting grief for the deceased: and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workmen had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phydias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name as author of the piece; so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of her's. It is no flattery to assure your Lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your Lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say my talent is satire; if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather: but a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest. They have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, (though it is not my happiness to know you) may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such; and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see, I have disabled myself, like an Elected Speaker of the House; yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour.

Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first, and mournful murmurs rise,
Among the sad attendants, then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country; till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last,
Who then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.
The nation felt it in the' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supplied;
Beginning to be such, but when she died:
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light;
And with such firm dependance on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.
Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,
That she, herself, might fear her wanting first.

Of her five talents other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or if a bribe appear,
No less than Heaven, to heap huge treasures there.
Want pass'd for merit at her open door;
Heaven saw he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy whom she saw or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He who could touch her garment, was as sure
As the first Christians of the' Apostles' cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn. The rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor—'twas home.
As to some holy house the' afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:
Her Lord himself might come, for aught we know,
Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,

Might ease his wings, and seeing Heaven appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there;
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.

Yet was she not profuse, but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supplied, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity;
Taught from above his magazines to frame,
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shows a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection, too, supplies the night.
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst,
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd the' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next Heaven, is charity.

But as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upwards shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root,
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare.
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound;
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.
Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb, her prayer;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long orisons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.
Her every day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of prayer for hours of charity:
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Varied with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,

(For such vicissitudes in Heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of Heaven so well she knew
Before she came, that nothing there was new;
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muse, down again precipitate thy flight;
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the Milky-way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One (as a constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiac run,)
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith ascends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.
As in perfumes, compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;

So she was all a sweet, whose every part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim the Maker's art.
No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
The' occasion but exerted that or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And Death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.
Love and obedience to her Lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings,—or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet, to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state,
When he to Heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before;

Yet, as the soul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew,
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As in their order next to light they came:
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiplied it more:
And as the Chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant-care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love,
Those rudiments of reason did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command,
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand;
True to the' artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;

Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard;
With every act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into necessity.
Thus fix'd she Virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children shone;
For that was their perfection; she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfections were,
That, for more children, she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And, could they take the' impressions of her mind,
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend;
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest;
To' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart:
(For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:)
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have, but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country-dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business well [forgot.
This is the' imperfect draught, but short; as far
As the true height and bigness of a star
Exceeds the measures of the' astronomer.
She shines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and Heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly guest;
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.
Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The Consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurried on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipt away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each com- [plete,
But every act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her bless'd name, in Fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder, at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page;
And, with a pious fear, begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out:
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and could there be
A copy near the original, 'twas she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire;
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence,
A short, sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a *now* did Heaven and earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue,
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep;
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of Heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise,
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest,
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd,
As early notice she from Heaven had heard,

And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her, where she lay,
Cloth'd all in white, the livery of the day.
Scarce had she sin'd in thought, or word, or act,
Unless omissions were to pass for fact;
That hardly Death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And, that she died, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went,)
Look'd like translation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.

O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family;
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning Lord?
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there,
That they with moderate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain;
Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this suffice: nor thou, great saint! refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse;
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where Vice triumphs, and Virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is satire on the most of humankind:
Take it while yet 'tis praise; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what, and where thou art:—to wish thy place
Were, in the best, presumption more than grace.
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory; [thee.
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of

ON

THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'Twas on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn,
When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
Rose early from his bed; but soon he found
The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around,
An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.

Thus while he stood, and, sighing, did survey
The fields, and curs'd the' ill omens of the day,
He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace,
Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face;
He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar:
'Return, (he cry'd), return, unhappy swain,
The spungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain;
The promise of the day not only cross'd,
But e'en the Spring, the Spring itself is lost.
Amyntas—Oh!'—He could not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging Damon guest.
Equal with Heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind,
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's soul:—
Then thus he cried, 'The Morn bespoke the news;
The Morning did her cheerful light diffuse;
But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace;
Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature smil'd,
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe; a soul sublime
In years so tender that prevented time:

Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey; [day.'
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a

MEN. 'The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast;
The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound,
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow drown'd.
So dire a sadness sat on every look,
E'en Death repented he had given the stroke;
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control;
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart:
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!'

DAM. 'Such is my wish, and such my prophecy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap; and bring a race
More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go;
For he was all that was exact below.'

MEN. 'Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their god-like mate, and sing him on his way.

He cleaves the liquid air; behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new-come guest admires the' ethereal state,
The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now, admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along:
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful Angels, and admire
Your brother's voice, that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For, like Amyntas, none is left below.'

ON THE

DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who could view the book of Destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming Youth! in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly and so kind,
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.
We must not, dare not think, that Heaven began
A child, and could not finish him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made;

The cost already furnish'd, so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd;
Yet after this profusion, spent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain!
I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
Yet, durst I guess, Heaven kept it for himself,
And giving us the use, did soon recal,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he disappear'd, was rarified;
For 'tis improper speech to say—he died;
He was exhal'd, his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning-dew.
'Tis sin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but the' original forfeit of his blood;
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay,
The length of course had wash'd it in the way;
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom, gold.
As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford:
Perhaps we gave so much, the Powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love;
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone;
And yet we murmur that he went so soon;
Though miracles are short, and rarely shown.
Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was tied.
That individual blessing is no more,
But multiplied in your remaining store.

The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

UPON

YOUNG MASTER ROGERS,

OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

Mark how the lark and linnet sing;
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats
To welcome in the Spring.

But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And, listening, silently obey.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our Orpheus to restore:
Had he been there,
Their sovereign's fear
Had sent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew;
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no hell below.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

ON

THE LADY WHITMORE.

Fair, kind, and true; a treasure each, alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had—and lost.
Come, Virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer life;
And wish your vows, like her's, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

ON

SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone, *Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age, October* 24, 1680.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.

Alive and dead, these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue:
From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer Heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames, expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss, for time to come,
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

UNDER

THE PICTURE OF MILTON,

BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third she join'd the former two.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF MARY FRAMPTON,

A FAIR MAIDEN LADY, WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED. Ob. Sept. 6, 1698.

Below this marble monument is laid
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid;
Preserve, O sacred tomb! thy trust consign'd;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind,
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd;
Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light,
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight;
Each thought was visible that roll'd within,
As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen:
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies;
For marriage, though it sullies not it dyes.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not find,
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heaven below,
That, when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know;

But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print:
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r;
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind;
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind;
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

ON

MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF BURNINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix, without allay.
Heaven's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE

MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER. Ob. 1674.

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here rewarded by a heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, Reader, that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heaven confin'd in thee;
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to Heaven.

ODES.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Ode.

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia prest;
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd, [world!
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
'A present deity,' they shout around:
'A present deity,' the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:

Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good;
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With down-cast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures,
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

Creator Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on humankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee!
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!

Thou strength of his Almighty-hand,
Whose power does Heaven and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds the' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the' Almighty-Father's name!
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete to thee!

FINIS.

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